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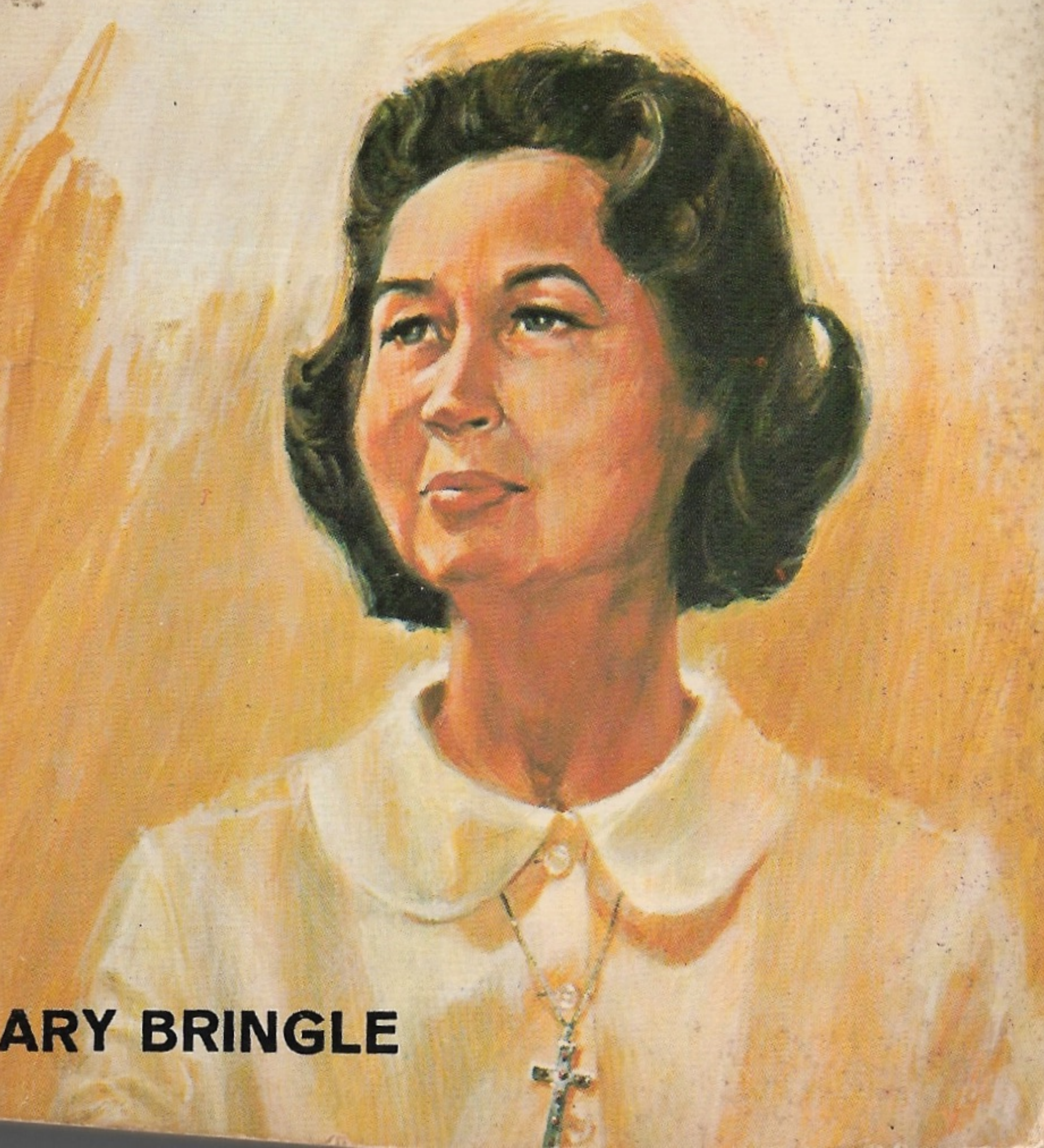
JEANE DIXON:

PROPHET OR FRAUD?

A chilling analysis of America's most famous seeress.



MARY BRINGLE

NAILING A CUSTARD PIE TO THE WALL . . .

A skeptic speaks:

Barry Farber, New York radio talk-show host: "I read her book and there were all these *names*. I've lived in Washington myself, and I thought I recognized some of them . . . turns out I didn't recognize those names at all when I got right down to it. They were names that *sounded* like famous names of Washington, but they weren't the same people. . . . She's such a super con-woman. Keeping up with Jeane Dixon is like trying to nail a custard pie to the wall!"

Eyewitness reports such as these and revealing aspects of Jeane Dixon's own writings and prophecies shed light on the puzzling phenomenon of the "Washington Seeress."

JEANE DIXON: PROPHETESS OR FRAUD?

Mary Bringle

A Tower Book

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I

AN INTRODUCTION TO JEANE DIXON

According to tradition, great prophets and mystics exist in a self-imposed aura of mystery, never quite revealing everything about themselves for fear of becoming a bit too commonplace. Familiarity breeds—if not contempt—a reassuring, down-to-earth quality which is customarily anathematic to mysticism.

Jeane Dixon, Washington, D.C.'s, resident prophetess and current best selling authoress, is a homey kind of seeress. Ever since the publication, in 1965, of newspaperwoman Ruth Montgomery's book, *A Gift of Prophecy—The Phenomenal Jeane Dixon,* the world has been privileged to know a variety of details about Mrs. Dixon's life, from her dress size (eight), and what she had ordered for lunch on the day John Kennedy was shot (eggs

Florentine), to the bedtime ritual between Jeane and her husband which dictates the presence of a single, perfect, red rose on her pillow every night. "If red roses are not available," Mrs. Dixon has confided, "then he may switch to a soft pink one, but it is always a rose."

Now, with the advent of Mrs. Dixon's own book, *My Life and Prophecies* (as told to Rene Noorbergen), Dixon admirers are free to literally gorge themselves on dozens of fulsome anecdotes which Mrs. Dixon has related with a sense of great self-importance.

Jeane Dixon's popularity can best be measured by the fact that two thousand letters reputedly find their way to her every week, some of them addressed simply "Jeane Dixon, U.S.A." She has appeared on television with Johnny Carson, David Susskind, and a host of lesser-known radio and television talk hosts. She lectures to groups around the country, heads a charitable foundation called Children To Children, and of course continues to make her famed predictions with an ever-increasing right-wing bias. She was, according to a 1969 Gallup Poll, nineteenth on the list of American women most admired. (Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy headed the list; the only women included who were neither world or political leaders or the wives or widows of world leaders were Pearl S. Buck (8), Helen Hayes (10), Ann Landers (14), Margaret Mead (16), and Mrs. Dixon herself.)

It is also reputed that an Italian movie company is preparing a film of Mrs. Dixon's life story. Jeane Dixon has become a true folk heroine to her vast, admiring public, and something of a threat to those

who are less than enthusiastic about the uses to which she puts her "gift."

To understand the origins of Jeane Dixon's "gift", it is necessary to examine the time, in her early childhood, when it was first revealed. Jeane was born Jeane Pinckert in a little Wisconsin lumber village. She moved to California with her family while still a child. Jeane's immigrant father, who had managed to amass a fortune in the New World, started his daughter's career off unwittingly when he suggested that his wife take little Jeane to visit some nomadic gypsies who were encamped near Santa Rosa. It is unclear why Herr Pinckert would single out only Jeane from among his seven children, or why he would do this at all. Ruth Montgomery implies that it was Herr Pinckert's "lively interest in American Indians" that led to the dramatic confrontation between the eight-year-old child and her gypsy mentor! We are told that the gypsy, who had apparently been waiting all her life to glimpse palms like Jeane's, gasped and pronounced the little girl to be blessed with the gift of prophecy. (These markings, including a Star of David on the left hand and a star on the right hand's "Mount of Jupiter" occur, we are also told, perhaps once in a thousand years.) The gypsy, honoring Jeane's potential as a mighty mystic, presented the child with a crystal ball in which Jeane promptly saw a vision.

And how did Jeane's cultured, devout Catholic family react to this panoply of crystal balls and criss-crossed hands? Herr Pinckert had always impressed upon his children the need for having a purpose in life, and Jeane apparently divined that

this was to be *her* purpose. She was deeply rooted in a religious tradition which required that each individual develop their gifts and "talents" to the utmost of their ability in order to repay the God to whom they were ultimately and always responsible. "Mother always said that we did not belong to her," writes Mrs. Dixon, "but to God. She felt that we were only entrusted to her care . . . she felt that it was her responsibility to see that we developed whatever talents were given to us at the time of our conception."

Jeane set about the business of prophecy in earnest, foretelling, among other things, that her brother Erny would become a famous athlete (he did), that her father would bring home a black and white dog one night because she had "seen" him buying it (he did), and that a discouraged young actress, Marie Dressler, who came to her for advice, should stick to her career because she was destined for stardom.

It seems that there is no detail of Jeane Dixon's early life that would not fit neatly into a romantic ladies' novel. We are even told that Jimmy Dixon, whom Jeane married when she was twenty-one, was her life-long love—an older man whom little Jeane had adored since childhood. True to form, the courtship was dramatic—a dispensation from the Church was required because Jimmy had been divorced. A romantic clincher to the story is supplied by Ruth Montgomery, who tells us that Jimmy's "heart palpitated" when he glimpsed Jeane for the first time after not seeing her for many years, and how he remarked to a friend: "That is the future Mrs. Dixon."

We are told nothing about Jeane's education, or lack of it. Whether she went to college or not remains a secret, at least to her readers. However, we have been told that Jeane appeared in two performances at the Hollywood Bowl, playing Mary Magdalene in *The Life of Christ* and a lady-in-waiting in a production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, directed by her father's friend, Max Reinhardt. Aside from these brief forays into the theatrical world, she appears to have made an effortless transition from a sheltered and loving home life to an equally sheltered and loving married life without any rough intrusions from the outside world.

It would seem that in Jeane Dixon's life not *one* insignificant day has passed; not *one* incident has occurred which has not been somehow embellished and rendered fit for dubious literary consumption. In *My Life and Prophecies* she even treats the reader to a little guided tour of her townhouse in Georgetown and goes into breathless detail about her favorite pet, Mike the MagiCat, for whom she sees a future only slightly less newsworthy than her own. In fact, we will soon be favored with a little book entitled *Jeane Dixon's MagiCat*, featuring that irrepressible Dixon pet. Since Mrs. Dixon frequently sends well-wishers picture postcards featuring Mike the MagiCat dressed in what appears to be a Spanish grandee's cape and hat and astride a hobbyhorse of some kind, one might have assumed a full-length book was in the offing.

If Jacqueline Susann's *Every Night, Josephine* could become a mild success there is no reason why *Jeane Dixon's MagiCat* should not become a runaway best-seller. The same people who enjoyed

the anecdote in her book about Mike running away from the Dixon ménage only to turn up on the lawn of the White House will, no doubt, relish the prospect of a whole book about that cute little devil who lives simply, like his mistress. Incidentally Mike lives in a red pagoda fitted out with a living room, dining room, bedroom, and bathroom.

Surely some people will feel, after reading *My Life and Prophecies*, that they know more about Mrs. Dixon than they ever wanted to know; but the majority of Dixon admirers will agree with the author herself that it is "a beautiful book." A few people will read the book with a growing sense of uneasiness—can Mrs. Dixon be serious when she refers to the late Martin Luther King, Jr., as a tool of the Communists? Isn't she being just a bit irresponsible when she hints that Coretta King may be asking for the same fate? Strangest of all, what are we to make of the Antichrist whom she saw in a vision some time ago? If all of this seems in light of recent world events to be trivial, consider this: Jeane Dixon is planning, according to one former employee of hers, to be America's first woman President. Not bad for the lady Ruth Montgomery never tires of describing as "guileless as a child."

II

THE DIXON METHODS

The various methods Jeane Dixon employs to predict the future are almost as numerous as the trademark "pillbox" hats which are an indispensable part of her wardrobe. However, she makes a great distinction between revelations that come to her as visions and those visions which she is able to see in her crystal ball. The former are revelations in the Biblical sense of the term—they represent the will of God and as such are to be considered incontrovertible. According to Mrs. Dixon these visions perceived through divine revelation are undistorted, leaving no chance for error or misinterpretation, whereas the visions seen in the crystal ball are sometimes proven inaccurate because of faulty interpretation. The main difference, from the layman's point of view, is the *inevitability* of the event predicted.

Jeane Dixon claims, for example, that the death of Robert Kennedy was not inevitable; on the contrary, her feeling is that he could have avoided his fate if only he had permitted himself to listen to her warnings and alter his course. She says that John Kennedy, on the other hand, had no such choice. As early as 1952 Jeane Dixon says she foresaw John Kennedy's death in a vision that came to her while she was kneeling before a statue of the Virgin Mary in St. Matthew's Cathedral.

Presumably the vision was one of divine revelation—simply because of its setting—and according to Mrs. Dixon's own views on the subject, the death of John Kennedy was inevitable. Nevertheless, Jeane tried repeatedly to warn the Kennedy family before the events in Dallas took place, and went so far as to beg Kay Halle, a close friend of the Kennedys, to intercede. When Mrs. Halle asked her if fate could be tampered with, the uncharacteristic reply was: "There is sometimes one tiny little moment in time when you can tip the scales and turn the event aside." It seems that apart from this isolated instance, Jeane Dixon steadfastly regards divine revelation as something not readily tampered with.

Mrs. Dixon believes that visions perceived through the crystal ball must be pondered over and digested thoroughly, for they are often confusing. Changing human conditions may also alter what appears to be inevitable at any particular time.

One of Jeane Dixon's less dramatic methods, but one that is more understandable to skeptics, is her use of "vibrations" to make predictions. Even a normally sensitive person is able to translate vibrations

into immediate terms. If, for example, an amateur seeress touches the fingertips of a client and finds them cold, trembling, and covered with nervous perspiration, she will probably begin her session by saying "You are tense. Something is troubling you." Jeane Dixon is able to go a lot further. On several occasions she has revealed secret events in people's pasts with surprising accuracy, with nothing more to go on than the vibrations she is able to receive from their fingertips. She may use a deck of cards —seldom a complete deck, and never for the purpose of "telling fortunes"—to establish a channel through which the vibrations are received.

Although Mrs. Dixon was taught astrology by a Jesuit priest in her youth, astrology (and numerology) appear to interest her only peripherally. But she does like to establish which days will be favorable for her in terms of receiving information, and will sometimes ask a person his birth date to pinpoint the portion of the crystal ball where pertinent information may appear.

Visions in dreams may be transmitted to Mrs. Dixon in straightforward terms (houses burning; mourners at a coffin) or be clothed in symbolic terms, but these visions are separate from the visions of divine revelation and are loosely grouped with other vaguely described phenomena (such as "telepathy") as distinct and separate abilities. Last, but perhaps most astounding of all, is the straight from the shoulder approach in which Mrs. Dixon talks to God via intense meditation over a particular problem.

Picture, if you will, Jeane Dixon and her husband Jimmy in the clubroom of Bowie Race Track

in Maryland. It is a rainy day in the spring of 1967, and the Dixons have accepted an invitation from Eugene Casey, chairman of the Board of Directors for Bowie, and his wife, Betty, for the last day of the racing season. Although Mrs. Dixon has been assured that she will not be bothered about anything as paltry as the outcome of the race, she soon finds herself the center of a group of people who are all—naturally—desperately interested in knowing who the winner will be. Mrs. Dixon is embarrassed and shy, but glancing at her husband she sees that he is anxious for her to oblige. "He gave me that certain look that means, 'Please do what you can.'"

Being a devoted wife, Mrs. Dixon does her best. She neither consults her crystal ball nor asks the names of the horses in the list. She applies directly to God. Touching the amethyst-studded cross, which was a gift from her husband and which she is never without, she addresses Him: "If I am to hear the name of a winner—I am listening. . ." A soft, soothing voice which seems to come "from above" whispers "Summer Sunshine," and then, more slowly, "S-u-m-m-e-r S-u-n-s-h-i-n-e. . . ."

The racing aficionados are dubious, and one stock villain even sneers "Why, that nag never won a race in her life . . ." For a while it looks as if Mrs. Dixon may have slipped up—Summer Sunshine is a little-known horse; so unfavorably regarded that he pays off at twenty to one. Clearly there can be only one ending to this particular anecdote, and you can bet that Summer Sunshine gathered the proverbial spurt of energy and won, leaving the skeptics gasping with anger over their failure to

trust in God's prophetess. Mrs. Dixon, however, had cannily placed *her* bet, and used her winnings (plus a donation from the Caseys) to help a young Negro boy through school. "God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform," says Mrs. Dixon with breathless understatement.

It is somewhat difficult to reconcile the way the word of God, as translated by Jeane Dixon, reveals such serious matters as the deaths of world figures and yet manages to slip in the winner of the sixth race at a Maryland race track. Prophecy traditionally falls into two categories—the foretelling of a given event of which knowledge has been imparted by God, and the clarification (by the prophet) of the will of God in a specific context. Then there is the matter of clairvoyance, which has nothing to do with religious feeling.

How, you are asking, can this woman walk down the street without being assaulted by revelations, vibration, visions, and the like? Doesn't she ever get confused? Does she sometimes find herself listening to one message through her fingertips while another intrudes because she has passed by someone whose thoughts are reaching her through telepathy? What if God himself chooses that moment to tell her something? Doesn't she ever suffer from a traffic jam of her own personal media—with all channels open and receiving?

Mrs. Dixon's chatty, confessional manner, makes it appear so simple that for a moment it seems as if you *too* could prophesy if you just sat down and persevered.

The following is what Jeane says about some of her methods of prediction.

On Revelations: "A revelation is something special. Sometimes two, three, or even four years go by without God granting me a revelation, and then some mornings I wake up and feel just wonderful. I feel inspired and know that something great is going to happen."

Mrs. Dixon's divine revelations come in a seven-day plan; the first three days carry with them a feeling of great peace and serenity, a peace and serenity that on the third day "becomes as big as a mountain." On that evening the message is transmitted, and on the following four days, Mrs. Dixon's general feeling of peace and well-being is so great that the desire to share her love for humanity with everyone is almost unbearably strong. Revelations always deal with momentous world events, and are seldom intended to warn or advise any given individual. They *must* come to pass. "Believe me," Mrs. Dixon concludes, "this is an experience that money cannot buy."

On Dreams: "When asleep, your conscious mind is at rest, and the subconscious mind is very vulnerable to anything that comes within mental reach. It may be the Lord's spirit that wants to communicate with you, or the devil who wants to entice you, using the medium of the unconscious mind . . . if the conscious mind operates on a sinful channel, the subconscious will stay on that channel, opening up the mind for Satan's influence."

To all those who would avoid this pitfall, Mrs. Dixon recommends that they take inventory of their thoughts at the end of the day and pray for forgiveness of sins. Once the door on Satanic intervention has been closed one is free to receive com-

munications from God, Mrs. Dixon says, although she does warn the untrained and uninitiated about the dangers of trying to interpret dreams on their own.

On Meditation: "Many times when I need an answer to a specific question, I meditate with that one question in mind, knowing that if I concentrate, meditate, and pray, God will reveal the answer to me . . . Often the answer to my question is already being worked out in other people's minds, but I am not aware of it until God allows me to 'tune in' on their frequencies. This enables me to pick up their thoughts and conversations without being present."

To Jeane Dixon, this sensation is similiar to a strong wind that howls with increasing intensity until you hear its sound clearly.

On Telepathy: "Of course, many people talk without having anything on their minds, but the thinking people's thoughts are easy to read. Just being near them often betrays their innermost secrets."

If this doesn't succeed in making you uncomfortable, consider that when Jeane Dixon employs her crystal ball (not, she says, in itself a power, but something to channel her concentration), she is able not only to see people's "innermost thoughts" but also "what is going on in their subconscious minds and their personal hopes and plans. I see things that have been there for years without their knowing it."

On the Vibrations of the "Psychic Way": "Another but a less certain way through which I receive knowledge of future events is what I call the 'psych-

ic way.' Often when I meet people and shake their hands, I feel vibrations. But sensing and interpreting these vibrations, I can tell many things about that person. I 'see' even more if I have a chance to *touch* their hands with the tip of the ring finger of my right hand. My fingers are supersensitive, and many times a gentle touch enables me to pick up an individual channel of communication with eternity."

Mrs. Dixon admits that her interpretation of vibrations is less certain than her other methods, but if the channel through which a person's vibrations are transmitted to her is clear, she says she can 'see' almost everything, from incidents that happened in early life to "what will happen to them until their last day on earth."

Jeane Dixon is hardly a Johnny-one-note when it comes to ferreting out the fates of countries, presidents, film stars, and ordinary people. She presents herself as capable of "seeing" the past, present, future, and subconscious motivation of any given individual if the "channels" are clear; of determining the political and spiritual fates of whole nations if God sees fit to grant her a vision; and of possessing the unique power of being able to warn countries (or people) of impending doom in those situations where divine will has allowed for the tipping of scales. She can do all these things through a variety of channels in which only fortune telling by cards and communication with the dead via a trance state are conspicuously missing. It is as if she could absorb information through the pores of her skin, if it chose to enter that way. It is this image of Jeane Dixon as an *instrument*, a delicate vessel into

which knowledge is poured, sifted, and returned in a refined state, that emerges most clearly. Jeane Dixon undoubtedly considers herself an instrument, since she so pointedly refrains from intellectualizing about her peculiar gifts and refers to them with staggering simplicity and not a hint of scholarship. Like Joan of Arc, that simple Maid of Orleans, Jeane is a pliant vessel in the hands of God, whose function it is to listen and react. She is no more surprised if His word reveals the winner of a horse race than if it whispers of the death of world leaders or the partition of India—it all comes from the same source and it is her *responsibility* to use the information as she best sees fit. To some people the most disturbing facet of all of this is the way in which she exercises this responsibility.

But Jeane and her followers also claim that she has special healing powers. She tells us of James J. Harkin's disappearing warts in a section in *My Life and Prophecies*. Mrs. Dixon begins by explaining that "There are some who have the occasional gift for physical and mental healing. There have been a few occasions in my life which suggest that I, too, have been used as a channel for God's healing power." She then goes on to relate a meeting with James Harkins in 1966, at which time she noticed that his right hand was "completely covered with warts." Later that day, she tells us, "a very surprised James, while washing his hands, discovered that all his warts had disappeared. That moment *could have been* a coincidence." [italics mine]

Could have been! We are not even allowed to know whether or not Mrs. Dixon touched Mr. Harkins' hand, although, since it was their first meeting

a handshake might reasonably be presumed. Glossing over the whole affair, she wisely moves on to tell of the moment in 1968 when Mr. Harkins phoned to explain that the terrible pains in his *legs* had disappeared. He had awakened in the middle of the night with a sensation like a mild electric shock, followed by relief of the pain which had plagued him for so long—twelve years, in fact! Mrs. Dixon and Mr. Harkins then agreed that God had cured him, but the purpose of the story is unclear. Did it have something to do with Mrs. Dixon's earlier removal of his warts? Were her constant prayers on his behalf the indirect cause for his cure? (She says she had literally *felt* the pain in his legs one day when she ran into him at St. Matthew's Cathedral and had prayed for him ever since.) We will never know, since Mrs. Dixon simply tells us that his electric shock sensation is definite proof that God had stepped in, and concludes briskly: "As of this writing more than a year has passed, and Jim Harkins is still pain free."

B. A. Porter, too, is presumably pain free ever since his encounter with Jeane Dixon in his Arkansas restaurant. Mrs. Dixon was in Arkansas to autograph copies of Ruth Montgomery's book, *A Gift of Prophecy*, at local bookstores when friends persuaded her to meet Mr. Porter. He was visibly suffering from what doctors had diagnosed as a "deeply ingrained virus" and barely had strength to drag himself to his restaurant each day. Perceiving that he was devout, Jeane took his hand, saying "God bless you. I will pray for you," and then joined him in an on-the-spot prayer for his recovery. You can bet that B. A. Porter was on the phone

not long after this incident, thanking Mrs. Dixon for a miraculous recovery. "His pains left him the moment he walked back to the restaurant kitchen after my departure."

Mrs. Dixon makes it quite clear that she accepts no real *credit* for any of these "healings"—or does she? Although she tells us over and over that she is but a channel through which various powers are conducted for the betterment of humanity, she is strikingly silent about her theories regarding these extraordinary incidents. To be sure, she prefaces the whole section with a brief paragraph about the existence of certain individuals who have been able to heal others, which is ambiguous enough for anybody's taste. Does she refer to doctors? Psychiatrists? Snake-oil medicine men? Where *are* these people who can heal? Outside of mystical novels and stories of the saints one can hardly recall having run across any. And yet Jeane Dixon is one "on occasion," and we are supposed to read of her adventures with James J. Harkins and B. A. Porter with a perfectly comfortable feeling that anyone so gifted and "on radar" with God must surely perform a miracle or two along the way.

To believe that certain individuals are plugged into currents not immediately available to the rest of us, that they have succeeded in opening up their channels of reception while the majority of people are not even aware that they *own* them, makes sense of a sort. The study of extrasensory perception is legitimate, scholarly, and no doubt will prove itself of immense value in the years to come. "Miracles" are another kettle of fish altogether. Mrs. Dixon scrupulously avoids calling them mir-

acles, but one suspects she regards them as such. Plain and simple faith, which she appears to possess to an embarrassing degree, is something about which no one can quarrel. To Jeane Dixon, all things are possible through faith. One has the feeling that if one morning she awoke to find herself levitating, it would surprise her less than the absence of that rose on her pillow each night.

Whatever her motives, she seems to play a leading part on many occasions originally featuring other people. Constant Dixon watchers might harbor unkind thoughts about her ability to seize the limelight. Jeane Dixon is very, very good at drawing attention to herself.

It is not Jeane Dixon's methods of prediction and healing alone that seem to arouse such great devotion from her followers, but her very person and personality itself. Like all true heroines, Jeane Dixon's reputed charisma does not affect only those who have heard of her exploits. If we believe Ruth Montgomery, there have been occasions when the mere *sight* of Mrs. Dixon has stopped 'em in their tracks. There is always a mystical quality to this phenomenon, a moment worthy of a Gothic novel, wherein we are treated to the knowledge that Mrs. Dixon is being *mistaken* for someone—someone you don't see on the street corner every day of the week! Jeane Dixon is a pleasant enough looking lady, but she could hardly be taken for Sophia Loren by even the most determined celebrity hunter. No, it is someone of a much higher and more ethereal order—none other than the Madonna!

"Lady" Bumgardner, a close friend of Jeane Dixon, tells of the time when Jeane entered her

house in Washington, causing one of the guests to utter "a strange little shriek" before apologizing and explaining, "For a moment I thought you were the Madonna." Not to be outdone, another close friend named Estelle Friedrichs was literally struck dumb upon first seeing Mrs. Dixon in an apartment house elevator. "As the elevator door opened I saw what looked to be the figure of an angel standing just inside. I was dumb-struck until a beautiful woman wearing a flowing white chiffon gown and a white fox cape stepped out. Her hair seemed to form a halo, and her face was like an angel looking at God. The shock of it is still with me."

Lest it be thought that this particular type of delusion occurs only among nice, sensible matrons in Washington, D.C., Jimmy Dixon himself staunchly reports others. On New York's Fifth Avenue, shortly after their marriage, the Dixons were stopped by two girls who timidly asked who Mrs. Dixon might be because she looked just like you-know-who. In Detroit "a little newsboy" who appeared to have stepped right out of a grade B movie, exclaimed to Jimmy: "Gee, mister, she looks just like an angel." Lady Bumgardner finds this all very credible, since the "sweetness" of Jeane Dixon's composure gives her an angelic quality. Perhaps she is right, but it is possible that all this idolatry has given Mrs. Dixon a Madonna complex.

In so many of the anecdotes starring Jeane Dixon there is such an aura of the theatrical, such a lucky concurrence of the right thing happening at the right time that one begins to think of Jeane as a show-business prophetess. She is rarely, if ever, up staged.

At a ceremony in 1967, which was to honor her close friend Victor Werner, Mrs. Dixon stole the show. She had arranged the whole affair, which was to be at the Belgian Embassy, and arrived with her husband Jimmy, convinced that something out of the ordinary was about to happen. To that end, she stood staring out the terrace doors of the Embassy before the ceremony had begun. A small white dove suddenly swooped into the room, causing general consternation and amusement. Jeane dramatically cried, "Oh, Mr. Ambassador, how fortunate! This is a good omen—a special sign! It signifies something of tremendous international importance!" Quick to grasp the dramatic potential of the situation, she begged the Ambassador not to put the bird out, arguing that he could not realize "how much the appearance of this dove means!" She merrily informs us in her book, "my feminine instincts took precedence over my psychic instincts," and she rocked the room with indulgent laughter when she suggested the Ambassador place a newspaper under his priceless chandelier, "just in case." Several scatological jokes ensued, as did the Ambassador's assurance that no bird had ever before flown into his Embassy in the eight years of his residence.

Mr. Werner had barely time to receive his medal before the reception commenced. Jimmy Dixon called everyone's attention to the dove, exclaiming that it seemed to be following them out onto the terrace. (Mr. Dixon does, at times, appear to be Mrs. Dixon's straight-man.) She coaxed the poor bird to her, murmuring "Come here, little one," and succeeded in capturing it and carrying it about on

her right hand. "The dove's unusual response to me attracted everyone's attention," she writes with an air of satisfaction. Mrs. Dixon talked to the dove; the dove talked to her.

With exquisite timing, Jeane Dixon moved out to the center of the terrace, sensing a vision was at hand. When it came, it was a lulu. Sensations of the earth heaving in geological cataclysm, prepared the way for the crux of the whole vision—a blazing cross which Jeane knew to be "the Cross of Christ." Amidst peals of thunder and forks of lightning came the knowledge that "each one of us was experiencing the spiritual glory of the Light of God within . . . . And the world, and all its peoples, stood still." Apparently feeling that nothing could top this revelation, Mrs. Dixon was about to release the dove when the voice of Jesus Christ came to her distinctly, saying: "Now you are ALL my disciples!" He repeated this message once more, and then was gone. "Once again I was *mortal*," says Jeane. [italics mine] The dove flew off into the setting sun and the reception resumed.

Mrs. Dixon's interpretation of the vision is clear and to the point. "The day will come when religions as we know them today, Christian, Jew, Hindu, Buddhist, will be no more, and we will all indeed be true disciples of Jesus." (Could this same vision have occurred at, say, the Indian Embassy?)

It remains for a friend of Mrs. Dixon's to have the final say. John Fetzer, whom Mrs. Dixon regards as a "deep thinker," is quoted at length in her book. Mr. Fetzer, who is president of the Detroit Tigers baseball club, opines that the coming of the

dove, a bird which "has always been associated with peace," should bring home a valuable lesson to the United States. The message is intended to alert America to the advisability of arriving at "peaceful solutions to the world's problems instead of resorting to armed conflict." He concludes that the appearance of the dove "from nowhere" indicates to him that "the message originated from the same Source that gives [Mrs. Dixon] the talent to foresee coming world events." Mr. Fetzer, possibly aware that there are thousands of Jewish baseball fans, does not mention the religious angle at all.

From this hodge-podge of doves and cataclysm and divine will, then, emerges only one clear fact: People will be sure to remember that embassy party *not* as the day Victor Werner received a medal in the order of King Leopold II, but as the day Jeane Dixon captured the dove. And that, when all is considered, is show business.

III

HER RECORD: SOME HITS AND SOME ERRORS

Everybody knows about Jeane Dixon's predictions regarding the Kennedy and King assassinations. Her foreknowledge of J.F.K.'s death is rendered *more* impressive by the fact that she "saw" the death of a blue-eyed President elected in 1960 *eleven years* before it actually happened. This prediction was recorded in *Parade* magazine in 1956, and, unlike some of the others, was in no way clouded by Mrs. Dixon's subconscious feelings about the subject of the premonition. It remains the most impressive of her *long-range* revelations, although even here some confusion intruded.

In spite of Jeane Dixon's famous 1953 vision indicating the death of a blue-eyed, *Democratic* President who would be elected in 1960, when 1960 rolled around she steadfastly predicted the victory

of Richard Nixon, a Republican. In August of 1960 she wrote that she "saw" the symbol of the Presidency directly over Nixon's head. In the months before the 1960 election she noted that she also "saw" the presence of a small scale behind Nixon that indicated that either justice would prevail and Nixon would win the Presidency, or Nixon would lose the race unless "the Republican party really gets out and puts forth every effort." This, of course, is like saying that Nixon could, or could not, win, but embellished with the Dixon touch this mundane little prediction became much more interesting. Mrs. Dixon proceeded to see Nixon in the right half of the crystal ball (the victor's corner) and Kennedy in the left, but now there were little snake-like feelers crawling through the line that bisected them, indicating that "unless the Republicans police the polls the victory will be stolen from them." She believed that Democratic "intrigue" in five polling districts would rob Nixon of his rightful victory. To this day Jeane insists that Nixon was the winner of the 1960 election and had the Presidency stolen from him by "certain dishonest vote counters." Would it be too cynical to suggest that in an election which was as predictably close as the Kennedy-Nixon race, Mrs. Dixon's technique could properly be called hedging one's bet?

Of only slightly less dramatic impact were her predictions regarding other world figures: the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi, the death of Nehru and his succession by a man whose name began with 's' (Shastri), Kruschev's dismissal, and Dag Hammarskjöld's death. It could be argued effectively that anyone with average political knowl-

edge might have been able to predict Kruschev's downfall, and further, that Mrs. Dixon went too far out on a limb with her prediction that his successor's name would begin with an 's' since Leonid Brezhnev and Alexei Kosygin must be considered his immediate successors.

But how explain the fact that Hammarksjöld's death in an airplane crash was predicted by Mrs. Dixon three years in advance? Or her warning to actress Carole Lombard (made in a Los Angeles beauty salon during a chance confrontation) about air travel several days before the plane crash that claimed the film star's life? Unless it can be proven that Mrs. Dixon has indiscriminately warned thousands of people about plane trips in the hopes that she'd strike pay dirt at least once, then incidents of this sort must remain labeled psychic phenomena of a fairly high order. Or, if you are a skeptic, phenomenal coincidence.

Not all of Jeane Dixon's much vaunted prophecy is as cleanly executed as the above. The more obscure variety of precognitive headline-makers could be roughly grouped into two categories: the broad or general prediction which seems impressive only in retrospect; and the hastily patched-up prediction which needs a lot of explanation and qualification before it can be presented to the public. These can be further subdivided into two even more important categories: international affairs; and the "personal" experiences which come to us retold by fond friends of Mrs. Dixon or by the prophetess herself.

Broad or general predictions include those like the fashion pronouncement which foresaw a unisex look for boys and girls gaining in popularity—not

difficult to see, even in 1966. Nor was the eventuality of serious conflict between the races, which Mrs. Dixon has been talking about ever since the last days of Franklin Roosevelt, hard to predict. It did not take extraordinary powers to see that Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor would have to delay their marriage due to financial complications, nor is it particularly astounding to note that in 1968 Jeane predicted that certain factions would use "steam roller" tactics to try to get Edward Kennedy on the Democratic Presidential ticket.

What may seem amazing to Americans who get their news in concentrated doses on evening television is often common knowledge to those who live in the nation's capitol and to whom gossip about political figures is the order of the day. If a government secretary knows more about what's happening days in advance of the rest of the nation, how much more can a woman who moves in the circles Jeane Dixon has graced for over three decades absorb? Surely enough to predict a Republican victory at the polls in 1968, or the heart attacks Dwight Eisenhower suffered in 1955, or his decision to run for reelection despite failing health.

Who could *not* have predicted that 1967 would be a year of grave national peril for the United States—or any other great power for that matter? As for taxes soaring to phenomenal new heights in the next fifteen years, private citizens have been making that baleful prediction for a long time now, without the aid of Jeane Dixon and her crystal ball.

Some sociologists claim that the American public likes to hear about its celebrities' failures much more than their successes. If this is true, then Jeane

Dixon alone seems to have transcended the general rule. Much has been written about her predictions of such world-shattering events as the deaths of John F. Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, and Martin Luther King, Jr., without even a mention of the numerous false predictions which have fallen by the wayside. Obviously it is less newsworthy to report that Mrs. Dixon was mistaken about Walter Reuther as a Presidential candidate in 1964 than it is to note that she saw suicide in the offing for Marilyn Monroe some nine months before it came to pass. Nobody wants to read about Mrs. Dixon's prophecy about Generals Wedemeyer and Hurley, who, having significant astrological numbers, were recommended to join forces and "solve the China problem." But *everyone* finds Jeane Dixon's January, 1968, prophecy that boys and girls would soon be looking more and more alike very juicy reading.

Perhaps the best publicized of Mrs. Dixon's false predictions was the one in which she stated that Jacqueline Kennedy would not remarry until time had erased, or dimmed, the painful memories of her late husband and deceased infant son, Patrick. Only at the very end of 1968, Jeane Dixon predicted, would Mrs. Kennedy even *consider* marriage. This appeared in January of 1968 in Mrs. Dixon's syndicated column in *The Herald-News*. By October of the same year, Jacqueline Kennedy had married Aristotle Onassis despite Mrs. Dixon's prediction to the contrary—a prediction she had stood by up until one day before the wedding, at which time her column in *The Herald-News* asked its readers to ignore the references to Mrs. Kennedy,

explaining that her vibrations on the subject had pertained to Lord Harlech. (Mrs. Dixon's vibrations were said to have been concerned with Lord Harlech alone, although the wording of the original prediction did not mention him and implied that Mrs. Kennedy would not be considering marriage to *anyone* at the time.)

Obviously Jeane Dixon had erred in regard to one of the world's most newsworthy personalities, and in a rare and uncharacteristic move explained it all away. No such explanations have been forthcoming about most of her errors, since they are not likely to attract as much attention. Who, for example, recalls President Johnson's failure in 1966 to appoint the ambassador to France whom Jeane predicted would be a decisive factor in establishing glowing new relations with de Gaulle? Regarding President Johnson's failure to appoint a new ambassador to France in 1966, Mrs. Dixon insists that the President had "intended to make this appointment," a fact she picked up through mental telepathy, "but changed his mind." Since Mrs. Dixon has stated often that only visions received through divine revelation are inevitable, she has a ready-made loophole for explaining away all false prophecies. She avails herself of it on occasion. It goes something like this: Changing human conditions can render a prophecy invalid, although at the time the event was "seen" it was definitely slated for fulfillment. There seems little point in making predictions on such shaky ground, but the prophetess always has the advantage—if she succeeds everyone is astounded and pleased, if she fails there will always be thousands of people ready to believe that

at a given moment the event *was* "scheduled" to take place. It becomes the failure of the principal subjects to *act* that prevents the prophecy from being realized.

For example, when Jeane Dixon failed to note the landslide proportions of the Democratic victory in the Presidential race of 1964, and mistakenly forcast defeat for Britain's Labor Party, she became convinced that she was misreading her crystal ball. She talked the problem over with psychiatrist F. Regis Riesenman and discovered that in the thirteenth century no less a personage than Saint Thomas Aquinas had made provision for this sort of error. Aquinas explained that a prophet is sometimes prevented from anticipating an event intellectually and attributed this to ubiquitous "changing conditions." We are to believe, then, that the Conservative Party in Britain was ahead at the time Jeane Dixon consulted her crystal ball, and that the thousands of people prepared to cast their vote for Goldwater in the 1964 Presidential race made a last-minute switch to Johnson. All very plausible—but couldn't a responsible seeress consult the crystal ball at regular intervals to see how those old human conditions were shaping up? And do they only prevail when Mrs. Dixon fails?

To properly appreciate the ambiguity with which many of Mrs. Dixon's prophecies are worded, it might be helpful to play a little game called "How Would You Explain This One?" Our game involves Mrs. Dixon's prediction regarding the late Bishop James Pike. In *My Life and Prophecies,* Jeane Dixon assures us that Bishop Pike is a "brilliant man" whose talents are going to waste in the

clergy. She further tells us that he would be "absolutely uncanny—in fact, a genius—as a medical diagnostician." After a brief laudatory section on his keen, instinctual knowledge of human nature and his as yet not totally developed charisma, she concludes that "he will lose his frustrations in his new vocation." Your task in our little game is to rationalize away the irrefutable fact that Bishop Pike is now dead, and make sense of the prophecy. Ascribing his death to changing human conditions might be one choice, but that seems almost too easy. Consider the wording: Mrs. Dixon did not actually say that Bishop Pike would become a medical diagnostician, merely that he would be brilliant in that field. She did not assure us that he would remain alive for the next few years, although the title "New Profession for Bishop Pike" seemed to indicate it. You could modestly blame yourself, claiming that you misread the signs in your crystal ball or did not adequately understand what was revealed to you in a dream vision. Ultimately, you might even decide to opt for some tricky play on the word "profession." Might not James Pike be finding new success in his "profession" in the life beyond? Could he be fulfilling the same sort of predetermined martyr destiny which befell J.F.K.? One thing is certain—he is free of frustration now. To that extent, the prophecy has been validated.

It is somewhat unfair to record the predictions which have been flat, unqualified failures, since no prophet can be expected to have a perfect score, but in the interests of evaluating Mrs. Dixon's batting average it is helpful to note some of the more important prophecies which have been totally

wrong. The following are concerned only with events of national or international importance. To wit:

- That Russia would move into Iran in the fall of 1953, and into Palestine in 1957.
- That General Douglas MacArthur would be appointed to a new post of great importance (possibly an ambassadorship) by Eisenhower in 1953.
- That Red China would plunge into war over Quemoy and Matsu in October, 1958.
- That World War III would begin in 1958.
- That Red China would be admitted to the United Nations in 1959.
- That a new post in the nature of an "assistant President" would be created in 1956, and filled by Dewey.
- That Russia and China would be ruled by a "swarthy-skinned" man who was part Oriental by 1964.
- That the Vietnam War would end in ninety days (the date was May 7, 1966) on terms not satisfactory to America.
- That Fidel Castro, although possibly in Red China, was more than likely dead in the summer of 1966.
- That Lyndon Johnson would be the Democratic nominee for President in 1968.
- That the Russians would be first to put a man on the moon.

With a little fancy word-juggling one *could* fit some of the above into a reasonable facsimile of as-

tute prophecy—for instance: Do you really know where Castro was that summer? Isn't it possible that, if World War III does break out, historians will trace the source to 1958? Could the Russians have got a man on the moon and kept it a secret? By any reasonable and satisfactory standards, the above "false" prophecies are definite failures. Put it down to those changing human conditions, or to anything you like. Jeane Dixon, on some very important issues, is not infallible.

Jeane Dixon's astounding reputation is built more on her ability to predict big, splashy events (usually tragic) than on her over-all accuracy, and yet she continues to divide her attention between predictions of the sort that almost anybody with a reasonably good grasp of "current events" could make (such as her fashion predictions) and the absolutely fantastic pronouncements that are becoming more and more concerned with topics dear to the conservative establishment.

IV

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.— A GOOD MAN GONE WRONG?

Jeane Dixon's conservative political philosophy is most apparent when she talks about Martin Luther King, Jr. Jeane Dixon says that she "knew" that Martin Luther King, Jr. would be assassinated "as far back as 1960." Furthermore, her knowledge of this particular event came to her through what she calls telepathy rather than the vision-revelation preview of death and disaster which more frequently heralds, for her, the death of a world figure. We are never privileged to know the precise form this telepathy took, but we are treated instead to a long disquisition on her foreknowledge of "Communists within the United States" who were "planning their infiltration of the Negro movement" as early as 1948.* The whole section on the death of Dr. King reads like a synopsis of a case from the files of the House Committee on un-American Ac-

*The year that Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man* (a book which Mrs. Dixon would have done well to read) was in its first reprinting.

tivities, complete with dossiers on the unwholesome characters who were associated with Dr. King.

Mrs. Dixon sees Martin Luther King, Jr., as a sort of black Julius Caesar, eventually betrayed by the very men he tried to make use of in order to accomplish his purpose. Her firm conviction of Dr. King's alliances with known Communists leads her to a self-righteous appraisal of his character in which King emerges as "an unwitting tool of the Communists."

Although she does not believe that King himself was a Communist, or that he backed "the Communist conspiracy as such within the United States," she concentrates on diminishing the man's character by "proving" that his associations with Communist inspired individuals were the cause of his downfall. "I feel strongly that, in order to obtain the rapid advancement Dr. King desires for his people, he will begin to use known Communists, with the belief that he will be better able to serve his people," Jeane told husband and friends in 1960. "Once they have infiltrated the Negro movement, Dr. King will no longer be of use to the Communist cause—and they will eliminate him. This . . . will happen in 1968 when his usefulness to them will be ended. He will suffer a violent death."

Mrs. Dixon thought of Dr. King as a potentially great man: ". . . the impact of his life and work will continue to be felt in the years ahead." Yet her prediction of King's death is not accompanied by any of the sorrowful asides to be found in her account of her premonition of the death of John Kennedy. In fact, if one didn't know better, one could almost imagine a hint of self-satisfied relief in her prophe-

cy of King's doom. (There is much the same flavor —curiously unrueful—in her later prognostications concerning the late Robert Kennedy; a slight indication that these people bring it on themselves.)

Jeane Dixon is a staunch supporter of the theory that Communist conspiracies abound within the United States. For her there is no possible way in which an interest in Communism as political ideology could be construed as normal. The Communist bugbear exists for her quite tangibly, and it would appear that she takes Nikita Kruschev's threatening speech, "We will bury you," literally. "They" are the enemy. She even speaks of "them" with a sort of exotic generalization, as one would exclaim at the habits of the ancient Druids. Someone caught in the act of examining Communism as anything other than a detestable fact of life is, for her, suspect.

Jeane quotes some predictable and not unreasonable statements voiced by J. Edgar Hoover, and tell us that the House Committee on Un-American Activities has information to the effect that fifty-nine highly placed members of the NAACP have, between them, been associated with over 450 Communist front organizations. (This information, we are told, is contained in the *Congressional Record* of July 29, 1963.) Here are some of her examples:

Bayard Rustin, who joined Dr. King as an advisor in 1955, is breathlessly revealed as having been a "member of the Young Communist League group at City College in New York." Although Rustin claims that he resigned from the group in the 1940's, Mrs. Dixon triumphantly reminds us that "he still worked closely with organizations such as

the War Resisters League, which I deem questionable." If this isn't enough to convince us of Rustin's Red leanings, he also worked with the Forum for Socialist Education, "which has been cited by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee as a Communist front." And did Dr. King shun the help of this tainted man? says Mrs. Dixon. No indeed, she goes on, Dr. King described Rustin as a "brilliant, efficient and dedicated organizer and one of the best and most persuasive interpreters of nonviolence."

Is it Mrs. Dixon's credulity or her limited viewpoint of life that makes it impossible for her to accept the findings of the House Committee on Un-American Activities as anything but solid gold truth? It does not seem to occur to Mrs. Dixon that, just as it is the business of a sales clerk or a real estate broker to convince the customer to make a purchase, it is the business of House and Senate "security" committees to flush out Communists. Nobody likes to be derelict in his duties, and common sense must inform us that, just as a certain number of customers will be convinced to make unsatisfactory purchases, so too will a number of persons find themselves standing before the House Committee on Un-American Activities unfairly accused of Communist activities.

As for her grasp of life in the "real world," one must remember that Jeane Dixon's life has been a sheltered one. She appears to have spent her childhood delighting everyone with manifestations of her "sixth sense," and her young womanhood kneeling in Cathedrals and receiving visions, while

adjusting to the role of beloved bride of an older, well-to-do man. We are not told much about Jeane's life before her marriage; in fact, among the few things mentioned about her life before marriage is that she performed in two theatrical performances at the Hollywood Bowl. When Jeane was in her mid-twenties, however, we do learn that she was bustling about attending charity luncheons and balls, working in her husband's realty office, and contributing to America's World War II effort in charming, hostesslike ways.

At the same time, Bayard Rustin was testing his excellent intellect and not easily satisfied sense of political curiosity as a member of the Young Communist League at City College. It is rather difficult to imagine that an intelligent, vital young man of that period—especially a black man with more cause than most to question the perfections of the American system—would not be involved in a group of liberal-radical intellectuals. Should Bayard Rustin have spent his time going out for track or helping to decorate the gym for the Junior Prom? Doesn't it occur to Mrs. Dixon that the man who opts for the American way of life without investigating rival ideologies is rather like the sluggish customer who buys the first house shown him? Easy converts—to Communism or any other ideology—are more likely to be those individuals who have never bothered to learn anything about other forms of government. The well-informed and less credulous, who have passed through a process of searching and development, tend to emerge as individuals and classless intellectuals, *not* as hench-

men of the vague internal conspiracies which so terrify the ill-informed.

Mrs. Dixon also criticizes Dr. King's association with Dr. Fred Shuttlesworth, who was with Dr. King when the Southern Christian Leadership Conference was formed in 1957. In a most confusing and spottily documented fashion, she cites Shuttlesworth as president, "during the 1960's," of the Southern Conference Educational Fund. She tells us that the Southern Conference Educational Fund was originally an adjunct of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, which was cited in March of 1944 as a communist front by the Special Committee on Un-American Activities. It seems that Earl Browder, former general secretary of the Communist Party in the United States, testified that the Southern Conference for Human Welfare was one of the Party's "transmission belts."

It is all very well to pore through documents and reports of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in the hopes of pouncing upon a few names, but Mrs. Dixon could have brought us a bit more up to date on these organizations, or explained what Dr. Shuttlesworth ultimately had to do with Dr. King, or given a little more information than ". . . Dr. Fred Shuttlesworth was there with him."

She is more definite about Jack H. O'Dell, "also known as Hunter Pitts O'Dell," who, according to Jeane Dixon, took Rustin's place in Dr. King's circle of advisors in 1960. "Who is O'Dell?" Jeane asks sternly. She then answers that there is a list of Communists elected to the national committee of the Communist Party contained in the two-volume study, *Structure and Organization of the Communist Party of the United States.** Scarcely able to restrain herself, she concludes: *"Hunter Pitts O'Dell is listed there . . ."* That's all we hear about Mr. O'Dell. No doubt Jack H. O'Dell and Hunter Pitts O'Dell *are* one and the same, but it would be nice to have more than Jeane Dixon's word for it when the name calling starts.

Shoring up her resources for one last indictment, Mrs. Dixon refers to Dr. James A. Dombrowski, identified by a fellow Communist as a member of the Party in 1954, on whose behalf Dr. King once filed an affidavit in the Federal Court of New Orleans. King referred to Dombrowski and the Southern Conference Educational Fund, Inc., as "integrationists of good character." Mrs. Dixon wonders (along with a member of the Louisiana Joint Legislative Committee on Un-American Activities who notified King that he could repudiate the affidavit in court in New Orleans) why King was never "inclined to cleanse himself of the taint of Communism." Mrs. Dixon concludes that Dr. King's circle of advisors was shot through with Communists, a fact King chose to ignore because "he wanted to use their money, their contacts, and their organizational genius for the advancement of his own people."

Had Mrs. Dixon been writing a high school research paper, she would doubtless have flunked the course and amused the teacher. When you consider that she is a woman whose words are devoured by a steadily increasing number of people, then this

*Published by the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

hastily put together *J'accuse* prose is dangerously irresponsible.

She sometimes, in the spirit of fair play, includes in her book the remarks of those who oppose her viewpoint. When Martin Luther King, Jr. said in 1964, "There are as many Communists in this freedom movement as there are Eskimos in Florida," he was backed up by the then attorney general, Robert F. Kennedy, who said: "Based on all information from the F.B.I. and other sources, we have no evidence that any of the top leaders of the major civil rights groups are Communists or Communist controlled. This is true as to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., about whom particular accusations were made, as well as other leaders."

Mrs. Dixon quotes the foregoing Kennedy comment in her book, prefacing it with an ominous remark to the effect that it was made "for reasons unknown to us." Her reply to the attorney general's statement is that what she had written about the known Communists active in Dr. King's movement is "but a small portion of the available evidence stacked high in the Library of Congress, pointing toward heavy infiltration by the Communists within the civil rights movement." We will just have to take her word for it.

There is a frightening aspect to the retelling of an incident concerning Martin Luther King, Jr., in Mrs. Dixon's book. She quotes former Alabama Congressman Frank W. Boykin, who was having lunch with her on the roof of the Washington hotel. It was Monday of the week that Dr. King was murdered. Boykin had been musing on "the happy years I had spent in Washington as an Alabama Congressman, and my love for the city and our way of life was so great that I just couldn't agree with the idea of thousands of people using it for another protest march . . ." Boykin was probably referring to Dr. King's plans for a Poor People's March on Washington. Boykin, obviously a victim of his great love for "our" way of life, had been talking to "a lot of people down South lately" and had discovered that they, too, were worried about "this trouble and everything."

"I hate to see Martin Luther King get here and organize another march on the city," Boykin confided to Jeane Dixon. Apparently he hated the idea so much that he had planned a meeting with several people, Congressman Charles Halleck among them, "in the hope of getting an injunction to keep King and his thousands of followers from marching on Washington . . ."

According to Boykin, Mrs. Dixon looked up from her meal, touched his hand and said, "somewhat sadly," that King would never get to Washington. He would be shot in the neck, she explained, before he could get there. When Boykin professed surprise, Mrs. Dixon repeated her warning and added that Robert Kennedy would be next. (Boykin's nostalgic recollection is included with a brief account of a dubious real estate venture in which he was involved—one which required a Presidential pardon to "clear his name". But then, Mrs. Dixon says, "The Boykins have been friends of ours for many years, and seeing Frank and his wife has always been a pleasure.")

Before King was murdered, however, another incident occurred which puts Boykin's lunchtime bab-

ble in the shade, as far as sheer peculiarity and potential horror are concerned. One hardly knows what to make of Mrs. Dixon's blasé account of what should have been an incident of tremendous importance. It appears without preface, explanation, or comment—a bizarre non sequitur sandwiched in between the Boykin memoir and her account of the night of King's death. Briefly it is this:

On Monday and on Wednesday of the week Dr. King was assassinated, a man called the Dixon realty office asking for Mrs. Dixon. When he was told she was not there the man left a message for her. On both occasions it was the same. "Before the end of the week the flag at the White House will be flying at half-staff." The message was received first by the receptionist and later in the week by Victor Rand. The latter was impressed by the "cultured voice of the caller but confused by his insistent manner and the obscurity of his message." When Victor Rand asked Jeane what it all meant, she replied: "He means that Martin Luther King, Jr., will be assassinated before the end of the week!"

Are we to assume that Jeane Dixon simply ignored this incident? Did she think the caller was another psychic who just wanted her to know that he was "on radar" too? Did she assume he was a crank, a heavenly voice, or an inner reaffirmation of the veracity of her own prediction? Did it occur to her that the caller may have been dangerous—a potential murderer—and, if so, why didn't she notify someone or attempt to have the calls traced? If, in fact, she *did* do any of these things, then why doesn't she tell us so? As matters stand, the inclu-

sion of the story without any explanation is bound to appear to some readers as an incredible oversight.

On the other hand, we *do* know that Mrs. Dixon was at Blackie's House of Beef when the news came about Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, death. We know that the owners of the restaurant visited at the table where Mrs. Dixon and Mrs. Nancy Smith were dining. We know all this so that the stage can be set for Mrs. Dixon's favorite climax—where an awestruck onlooker verifies that she has been right all along. This time it was a man who had been watching the teletype machine in the corner who provided the ego trip. He ripped off the length of tape which carried the news of King's assassination and carried it to Jeane Dixon's table, saying: "Here, Mrs. Dixon, is your forecast. Martin Luther King is dead."

It remains only for Jeane Dixon to lecture us on the probable perpetrators of the crime. "With the Communists," she writes instructively, "assassination is never the job of one man. Conspiracy is part of the Communistic ideology, and Martin Luther King, Jr., was the victim of just such a conspiracy." Mrs. Dixon has "received psychically" that the man who assassinated Dr. King was not James Earl Ray, whom she assures us is not a Communist. She believes Ray was involved in the plot without knowing the "true names" of the others in the conspiracy, and that he did not know the extent of their plans until "he was too deeply involved to be able to pull out."

Jeane Dixon has also claimed that she "saw" four people planning the last-minute details of King's

murder. She says that the actual assassin "is in his late twenties or early thirties. He is white, of medium build, and soft-spoken. He is a Communist or an experienced assassin used by the Communists." She also believes that some of Dr. Kings' very close associates helped to arrange the final details leading to the assassination. She concludes briskly that King's death "leaves one more person who might become potentially dangerous to the Communists—his wife, Coretta King." Mrs. Dixon predicts that although Mrs. King's "personal magnetism and fearlessness will serve her well" in politics, she will find herself in "serious trouble" with others in the Black community.

Naturally, Jeane Dixon sees Mrs. King as a future victim of "the same people who were exerting their Communist doctrines on Dr. King" and predicts that "her own people will turn against her eventually, and in the years to come she will be in great danger of losing her life." (Let us hope that nobody calls the Dixon realty offices about it.)

Jeane Dixon presumably admired Martin Luther King, Jr., and even compares him, by means of an allusion to Genesis, with that other dreamer, Jacob. She refers sadly to his "well-motivated but misguided obsession" and concludes that "His cause was great; his means were not." One cannot help but wonder if, had Dr. King lived out his life and been amongst us in 1980—the year in which God will grant equality to the Black man, according to one of Mrs. Dixon's predictions,—Mrs. Dixon could have forgiven him his hubris.

V

JEANE AND THE "COLORED RACE"

"When Jeane speaks of the colored race she does so with love in her heart."
—Ruth Montgomery.

"I'm more indebted to them than they could ever be to me, because I have learned so much from them. We are all equal in the eyes of God." So says Jeane Dixon, no doubt sincerely. It is certain that "they" are not particularly indebted to *her*, despite her many good works on "their" behalf. (Remember, a good portion of Mrs. Dixon's racetrack winnings on Summer Sunshine went toward helping a young black boy through college.)

Jeane Dixon's opinions on the race issue are the answer to a Black militant playwright's dream, epitomizing, as they do, the very height of good, old-

fashioned, unsuspecting bigotry. She is the "nice white lady" who brings baskets of goodies to poor old Maybelle and her eleven children, and then cautions the folks back home about how the Negroes aren't ready to accept responsibility just yet. She is the benefactress who befriends little black children, and a few safe over-fifty adults, while warning the world of the Communist conspiracies which motivate the unsuspecting Blacks to riot and cause trouble. Put her words into the mouth of a character in a play and the audience would snicker —"an unreal stereotype" the reviews might read, or, "surely nobody says *that* kind of thing anymore. . . ."

Jeane Dixon has been trying to warn people about impending racial conflict for a long time. She claims that in a private audience with Franklin Roosevelt in 1945—he had three months to live—she shrugged off the problem of Russia and warned the President that the racial crisis would become America's biggest problem. Explaining that she had been granted a vision on the matter, she told the President that he must not "pamper the colored people" but "help them to help themselves." She predicted bloodshed, and, in the face of the President's obvious disbelief, cautioned that the problem would grow far beyond the limits of governmental control. She further predicted that the crisis would not be solved until 1980: "The will of humanity does not change the will of God."

So far so good. Except for her unfortunate choice of the word "pamper," which calls to mind babies and pets, one could believe that Jeane Dixon was calling the shots as they had been presented to her.

In her audience with F.D.R. her private opinions on the matter were not solicited, and not until the early 1950's did she return to the subject with zest, urging Ruth Montgomery to include Jeane's predictions on "racial strife" in Mrs. Montgomery's column. (The crux of the prophecy foretold a real crisis in 1963 which would become progressively worse until streetfighting broke out in 1964.) Mrs. Montgomery says she chose not to run this particular item, both because she felt the "possibility seemed rather remote at the time," and because her paper had a wide circulation in Harlem. But in 1958 she included the forecast in her column. She rendered it fairly meaningless, however, by concealing the fact that the tense period referred to would be caused by struggles between Blacks and whites. We must, then, rely on the word of Mesdames Dixon and Montgomery if we are to marvel at the far-reaching aspects of this prophecy. But Mrs. Dixon's prophecy is not as important as her interpretation of it and the underlying feelings it reveals.

According to Jeane Dixon, her first vision of the impending crisis between the races came when she was still a child, kneeling in Sacred Heart Cathedral on Hollywood's Sunset Strip. The causes and beginnings of the strife were not revealed to her then—only the "glorious ending" which would come about in 1980. In 1948—this time she was kneeling in St. Matthew's Cathedral in Washington, D.C., a fertile place for Dixon visions—her vision was amplified:

"I saw colored people walking on the tops of government buildings, which were merely the sym-

bols for authority and politics. I saw the Negroes being pushed by an underground force—shoved upwards before they were ready."

She goes on to say that the ominous Blacks were being "used by others for selfish ends"—a recurring theme with Mrs. Dixon—and, by the 1960's, would be "seeking equal powers and jobs before they have the intellectual capacity and understanding to accept equal responsibility." Most astonishing of all, Mrs. Dixon actually warned that we would "pay the price" if we tried to thwart God's will by pushing the issue too fast. Because God told her so, 1980 is the only year acceptable to Jeane Dixon in which Blacks may hope to gain equality.

The intelligent mind is boggled by such an idea. But Mrs. Montgomery, in *A Gift of Prophecy*, seeks to soften Jeane Dixon's attitude by telling us that Mrs. Dixon makes frequent trips to Peace Plantation, a charitable venture for Blacks in Sterling, Virginia, taking clothing, food, dance dresses, and suits to the members of the "colored race" who live there. Why, she says, the Dixons occasionally *dine* at the home of Elder Lightfoot Solomon Michaux, the venerable pastor of Washington's Church of God.

There is little doubt that Mrs. Dixon sincerely considers herself an open-minded, liberal lover of mankind. Over twenty years ago she rather daringly encouraged a family of Black children to attend the local white school. There was no Negro school within walking distance so she placed them in the chaperonage of several white children and instructed them to tell the teacher: "We just want to learn, please, thank you, ma'am." She describes this incident, which took place in rural Virginia, as "my own way of introducing integration and it worked." Jeane Dixon met this family when a flat tire compelled her to use their telephone. They became one of the objects of her good works, and seem to have influenced her in forming the foundation entitled Children To Children, a favorite project of Jeane's that I will talk about in a later chapter.

It might indeed be argued that Jean Dixon came from a family which was firmly, if not deeply, rooted in the liberal European tradition. Papa Pinckert, you will recall, took a great interest in American Indians and encouraged Jeane to meet the nomadic gypsies who were encamped nearly. To Jeane Dixon, nowhere in her code of ethics is there the slightest hint of racial prejudice.

I'm sure there are hundreds of Dixon enthusiasts in the Black community of Washington, D.C., and probably elsewhere. After all, she *is* a gentle and charitable lady, a lady whose very patronizing remarks sound suspiciously like real brotherhood if you happen to be one of the older folks to whom Jeane's kindnesses seem altruistic. There was a day when Mrs. Dixon's "after-all-we-can't-expect-things-to-happen-*overnight*" brand of racism would meet with approval in a number of corners of the Black community—but that day is over. Probably most white Middle-Americans would agree with Mrs. Dixon—but these people do not publish prophecies that are read by, and influence, thousands of other people. Nor do they have private audiences with Presidents of the United States. Most especially, they do *not* claim that their opinions come straight from God.

Since Mrs. Dixon never elaborates much on her reasons for believing the Blacks are not yet equipped with "the intellectual capacity and understanding to accept equal responsibility," we must believe that the shoddy quality of her rhetoric (or the carelessness she has allowed Rene Noorbergen to employ in *My Life and Prophecies*) is at fault. Does Mrs. Dixon really mean that the Blacks lack intellectual capacity? Is she saying, as did a Southern judge several years ago on national television, that the Negro brain is slightly smaller than its white counterpart? Since it is doubtful that Jeane Dixon is acquainted with any of the more complex nuances of genetic research on intellectual capacity and environment, we can only assume that Mrs. Dixon means that Blacks have not yet had a chance to demonstrate their intellectual capacity due to inferior schooling, malaise, a repressive society, and the general effects of three hundred years of white domination.

The alternative would indicate that Mrs. Dixon really believes that God will mysteriously endow the Black race with more intellectual capacity and understanding in the year 1980, and Eureka! a glorious solution will come about resulting in eternal brotherhood and harmony; provided, of course, that nobody rocks the boat by shoving them upwards before they are "ready."

VI

THE DEATH OF ROBERT KENNEDY

When she is writing specifically about the Kennedy family, Jeane Dixon achieves heights of what one is tempted to call vulgarity. She has stated more than once that the vibrations of the Kennedys are so powerful that "much of what they plan or what happens to them is continuously revealed to me." So strong is this continuous revelation that Mrs. Dixon claimed, in *A Gift of Prophecy*, to have seen President Kennedy at his own funeral!

As the President's coffin was placed on the caisson, Mrs. Dixon, who was watching the event on television, informs us that "I suddenly saw John Fitzgerald Kennedy dancing an Irish jig on top of it. He was happy and gay and free!" This is all by way of amplifying Jeane Dixon's opinion that John Kennedy was indeed "fortunate to be chosen by

our Lord for such a role!" She tells us, confidentially, that he wouldn't have wanted it any other way. According to Mrs. Dixon, the President continued his "merry twirling" until the cortege reached Memorial Bridge, where "Uncle Sam" appeared, raising his hands in benediction, and the vision vanished in a trail of smoke.

The unlucky Kennedys, who have become so much a part of the public domain that apparently no indignity is too great to foist upon them, come in for a good share of turgid reminiscence in Jeane Dixon's appraisal of Robert Kennedy's assassination. The chapter in Mrs. Dixon's book, *My Life and Prophecies*, that deals with Robert Kennedy's assassination should have been titled "Who's Sorry Now?" In it Mrs. Dixon provides us with her own "sequel" to the Book of Job. ("In the Biblical book of Job, Chapter 1, Job lost all his sons because Satan willed it and God allowed it to happen," Mrs. Dixon writes.) It came to Jeane in a dream, the substance of which involved a sorrowful confrontation between Job and Joseph Kennedy. One hopes that Mrs. Dixon's dreams are more arresting than her prose: "I turned toward Job and looked into his face. It was furrowed by sorrow and compassion, and streaks of dried-up tears showed on his sun-scorched face. I looked at Joe . . . and saw his face distorted by anguish and grief." Job and Joe—it has a ring to it. The Joseph Kennedy in the dream seemed bewildered at first; "But Joseph Kennedy knew the answer, and so did I!" The answer, of course, had to do with the tragedy that would "stalk the Kennedy family."

You will recall that Mrs. Dixon told her good

friend Frank Boykin at the luncheon in 1968 that he didn't have to worry about Martin Luther King, Jr., reaching Washington, and at the same time included a prophecy about Robert Kennedy's assassination. Mrs. Dixon claims that she had known about Kennedy's future death for some time before the Boykin luncheon, and had even taken pains to have Kennedy warned.

According to Mrs. Dixon, Robert, unlike his older brother, could have escaped his untimely death. "When R.F.K. died, it was not because he had to die. His life could have been longer and more productive—yet he chose to die. Some called it 'the will of God.'" Mrs. Dixon is firmly convinced that Robert Kennedy would be alive today "if only he had listened."

Jeane Dixon had her mind set, publicly, on a decline in Robert Kennedy's popularity. Her New Year's column of 1966 predicted this decline. She claimed then that Kennedy was moving too far to the left, in order to win supporters from the peace and civil rights movements, and would lose many of his following.

In September, 1967, Mrs. Dixon chose James Fahey, author of *Pacific War Diary*, as a go-between in her efforts to warn Kennedy of his doom. Mr. Fahey's words in her book narrate the incident. Writing in a hard-driving, punchy style reminiscent of men's adventure magazines, Fahey tells us of his arrival at Kennedy's office with an autographed copy of Ruth Montgomery's *A Gift of Prophecy* in his hand. It seems that Senator Kennedy inquired if there were anything he could do for Fahey.

"This was my chance! I grabbed it!" writes

Fahey, and then, presenting the Senator with Mrs. Dixon's book, "She asked me to tell you this!" Abandoning exclamation points for a more sober appraisal of the situation, Fahey attempts to describe Kennedy's reaction, which was, understandably, great. "I know, to say it 'hit him like a bomb' is so stereotyped, but nevertheless that was the way he reacted to it . . . I realized my message had hit him hard . . . and for a brief moment I thought he was going to reply, but nothing came of it . . . silence was the only tangible reaction."

Senator Kennedy thanked Mr. Fahey for dropping by, and the latter candidly wonders "whether he really meant it this time." Mrs. Dixon was disappointed at the Senator's reaction.

We are also told that only six months had passed since James Fahey's visit with Bobby when Fahey chose to present him with a ghoulish gift Fahey had thoughtfully picked up in Boston—a "little St. Patrick's plaque" with an inappropriate (under the circumstances) message printed on one side: "May You Be in Heaven Half an Hour Before the Devil Knows You're Dead."

Robert Kennedy, we are told, failed to break into laughter over this token of Fahey's bonhomie, but "just stared at it." His eyes, Fahey comments, "were sad and melancholy." We will never know if Kennedy's melancholy had to do with intimations of his mortality or the suspicion that his old friend Fahey had gone mad. A week later he announced his decision to run for the Presidency. And James Fahey? "I ran scared and looked for ways to reach him and tell him he would never make it. . . ." One of the ways Fahey tried was an attempt to reach

Mrs. Joan Kennedy through former White House aide Dave Powers. ("'Dave,' I said soberly, 'I've got news that will knock you over.'") Fahey's plan involved a Kennedy family meeting to which Jeane Dixon would be invited. He explained that he could not reveal the substance of the matter to Dave Powers, commenting only that "it deals with Robert Kennedy and Jeane Dixon." Needless to say, the meeting never took place.

It is never made clear for us exactly when visions of death for Robert Kennedy first began to appear to Jeane. But she claims that it was long before she sent Fahey on his errand of mercy.

At a convention of stockholders and franchise owners of the Kentucky Fried Chicken organization in January, 1968, Mrs. Dixon publicly told a group of people that Robert Kennedy would never become President. She appeared to have been surprised (and piqued?) when nobody asked her to elaborate, but later that same evening she had her chance. In her suite at the Hotel Fontainebleau in Miami Beach, where she had been joined by a dozen or more conventioneers and friends, she let loose with her prediction. Jim Matthews, President of the Topps Drive-In Restaurant chain, Washington, D.C., describes the events of that evening in Mrs. Dixon's book.

Among his many references to associates in the fried chicken business, Mr. Matthews manages to state that Jeane Dixon, when pressed for more predictions, foretold that Kennedy would "meet a fate similar to that of his brother Jack." He said that Mrs. Dixon asked the conventioneers to "keep this one quiet for the time being."

On March 29, 1968, Jeane Dixon tells us that she again predicted Kennedy's death—to a friend, Mia Whitehead, and to the wife of Texas Senator John Tower. This time the details were more definite. ("He will be shot," I remarked impulsively, "while in California!") Mrs. Dixon's forebodings about Kennedy clearly gathered momentum as time went on, and she felt compelled to tell as many people as possible. She had still, apparently, not made the prediction in print, although the Mobile, Alabama, *Register* of February 20, 1968, carried a column on her statement, made to a "captivated crowd of more than 5,000 persons," that Robert Kennedy would never be President. This gave rise to a perfectly understandable question: Why, if Robert Kennedy was not even a candidate, would Mrs. Dixon make an issue of his never becoming President?

James Fahey was not alone in his attempts to warn Robert Kennedy about one thing or another. That old humanitarian Frank Boykin contributes one of his unpleasant reminiscences in what must be the most self-serving and meaningless body of information in Jeane Dixon's entire book. Fleshed out with testimonies of his friendship with Joseph Kennedy and reeking with sanctimonious judgements of R.F.K., Boykin is allowed to ramble on for some time, although the point of his commentary—"I tried to warn him, but he wouldn't listen"—could have been conveyed in fewer words.

But, first we must hear about how Mrs. Dixon was "always talking about Bobby never making it . . ." and of how both Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr., were "causing so much trouble." With

flashes of what apparently pasess for keen insight in Boykin's circle, he analyzes the situation thus: "Bobby was always advising what all of the Negroes should do, and he didn't understand . . . he never earned a nickel in his life, nor did he ever have to work. . . ." Boykin would also have us know that his friendship with Joseph Kennedy, Sr., dated back to "the good ole days" and that "Joe" once paid him "the nicest compliment any man could ever give to anyone." This nicety, paraphrased by Boykin, refers to an opinion once voiced by the elder Kennedy that just one more friend like Boykin would remove the necessity for having any other friends. It seems to have been intended as a compliment.

So great, we are told, was the senior Kennedy's esteem for Boykin that the former once asked him to "get hold of Bobby and see what you can do with him." (Boykin says this request was made "some time ago" and doesn't try to enlighten us as to the cause of Joseph Kennedy's concern. He does, however, make sure that we know the call came "just as I was giving a banquet for 165 Senators and Congressmen.") Boykin's reply? "Joe, you know I can't do anything with him. He won't listen. He just wants to do everything . . . everything in the world, you know . . ." Earlier, Boykin had said that *nobody* could "do" anything with Bobby. And so, Robert Kennedy, having been relegated to the corner for Bad Little Boys Who Won't Listen to Sense, Boykin concludes, "You know Bobby was just rampant. Jack was so different. He was a kind-hearted man."

Mrs. Dixon had been convinced all along that

Robert Kennedy didn't have to die, but on May 28, 1968, she "realized with certainty that death was finally and irrevocably closing in on him." She had been addressing a convention in the Grand Ballroom of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, when a member of the audience asked if Bobby Kennedy would ever become President. The answer came to Jeane Dixon "with a fierce, unrelenting finality." She claims she "saw" a black curtain drop between her and the audience, hitting the floor abruptly. She informed the questioner that a tragedy "right here in this hotel" would prevent Kennedy from becoming President. Kennedy was scheduled to speak at the Ambassador Hotel the following week. After the meeting, Jeane suggested to two people that the hotel management ought to be notified. One of them, Captain George Maines, an American Legion official, was against the idea; the other, Mrs. June Wright, in favor. We are never told whether an attempt was made to "warn" the hotel management, but Mrs. Wright subsequently placed three phone calls to Mrs. Rose Kennedy, who was staying at the Ambassador that night. The calls were not returned.

As Mrs. Dixon passed through the kitchen corridor on her way out of the ballroom, the denouement of the drama occurred. She says in her book that she "sensed death" and recoiled from the "utter blackness" which surrounded her. She announced that "This is the place where he will be shot . . . I see him falling to the floor covered with blood . . ."

In retrospect, Mrs. Dixon feels sure that this particular day was the one in which Sirhan Sirhan

"completed his plans" and "selected a spot for the assassination." In her book she includes several frenzied entries from his dairy, dated May 18, 1968, informing us that as Sirhan wrote these words "he was filled with an insane hatred and drenched with a compulsion to kill."

The whole affair is neatly wrapped up by Fahey, who seizes this final opportunity to aggrandize Mrs. Dixon by intimating that poor Dave Powers could have prevented the tragedy by calling the meeting with the Kennedy family as Fahey had suggested earlier. In a meeting, recorded in Jeane's book, with Powers, one month after Robert Kennedy's assassination, Fahey questions Powers about the message he had given him for Mrs. John Kennedy. Powers confesses that it had slipped his mind and asks if he may now know what it was all about. The "remorse deepened by sadness" which Fahey ascribes to Dave Powers' facial expression encourages Fahey to conjecture: "Could he have possibly prevented the death of R.F.K.? I want to believe he could have, for Jeane always said that Robert Kennedy's death did not have to take place." After depositing this horrifying burden on Dave Powers, and, indirectly, on the fact that the messages to Rose Kennedy had never been delivered (however, Mrs. Dixon tells us, that "Mrs. Kennedy ignored the calls"), he graciously admits that "only God knows."

Robert Kennedy's assassination was one of the major events of the decade, and Mrs. Dixon appears to have demonstrated psychic ability of the first order in "seeing" it as accurately as she claims she did. But if you strip away the "reminiscences"

of Fahey, Matthews, and Boykin in her chapter about the event, you will be left with meager content. Most of what Jeane Dixon has to say about the matter could have been contained in a few paragraphs. It also seems strange that she does not appear to be trying to prove a political point as she did when analyzing the events surrounding the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr.

What is Mrs. Dixon really trying to say about Robert Kennedy? In all of her thinly veiled condemnation of Kennedy, expressed in a motherly, chiding fashion, there exists a disturbing ambivalence. Just *why* did Mrs. Dixon feel that Bobby Kennedy "chose to die?" Why does she not elaborate on her earlier prophecy concerning his decline in popularity—which never seems to have been fulfilled, since at the time of his death he bade fair to secure the Presidency of the United States? If she wishes to tell us that Robert Kennedy's lean to the left is what ultimately caused his death, why doesn't she come out and say so directly? No such delicacy prevailed in her treatment of the late Dr. King, whom she frankly characterized as a tool of the Communist conspiracy.

Why does she tip-toe around the core of her subject and dredge up Mr. Boykin's gossipy comments about him. Is Mr. Boykin the only one of her friends willing to make unfavorable comments about the dead man, or is he simply chosen for the sake of continuity since he was present at her first public prophecy of R.F.K.'s death?

What possible purpose can Fahey's repeated testimonials to his and Mrs. Dixon's attempts to warn the Kennedy family serve? Robert Kennedy is

dead, and surely nobody blames Jeane Dixon for not personally keeping him alive. Had Kennedy heeded the first warning, which merely stated that he was in danger of losing his life, what would his course of action have been? Could Mrs. Dixon have persuaded him to "tone down" his strong stands on various subjects in the hopes of discouraging potential assassins? Could she have advised him, daily, on the type of behavior least likely to offend, and, if she had, could Kennedy have followed her advice and lengthened his life to the detriment of his political conscience and character? Once the actual *locality* of his murder was revealed to Jeane Dixon, could she have saved his life by preventing him from appearing at the Ambassador Hotel on June 5, 1968?

If we suppose that Mrs. Rose Kennedy had accepted the phone calls from Mrs. Wright and prevailed upon her son not to appear at the Ambassador, what follows? Surely the mechanics of predestination are more complex than *that*. One is tempted to think of the man who fled Death only to find him waiting patiently, by appointment, in Samarra.

The not-so-subtly implanted idea that the Kennedy family was guilty of negligence in not paying more attention to Mrs. Dixon is an abominable one. It is unfortunate that, in a piece of writing that might have devoted itself to the mythic topic of predestination and the chosen victim's alternatives in avoiding or succumbing to his fate, Mrs. Dixon has instead presented us with a shallow analysis of the situation which fairly shouts, between the lines, "I told you so!"

Finally, in a nation which has proven itself with lamentable regularity in the past decade to be full of cranks, assassins, and lunatics of every possible political persuasion and temperament, does it not occur to anyone that it is dangerous to allow predictions of murder and mayhem to be voiced in large public gatherings?* Although no one would seriously suggest that any of the conventioneers at the Kentucky Fried Chicken banquet was secretly harboring a plan to assassinate Robert F. Kennedy, one cannot vouch for the sanity of every member of any given public gathering at which Mrs. Dixon might choose to unleash a bombshell.

Further, who is to say that a psychic premonition, once voiced, may not encourage potential assassins rather than merely fit in with their preordained plans? Would it be violating any of the canons of freedom of speech to suggest that public predictions concerning death or bodily injury to figures of international importance should be outlawed? In a nation which daily demonstrates its penchant for suggestibility and violence, it would seem only sensible to forbid such provocative statements from lodging in the wrong quarters.

*The following letter, written by Mr. W.H.W. Sabine, of Hollis, New York, is excerpted from the *Journal* of the American Society for Psychical Research: "The publication [of Mrs. Dixon's prophecy regarding the assassination of a President elected in 1960] in *Parade* is not only an impressive piece of evidence for Mrs. Dixon's precognitive powers; it also raises a momentous question: Could the publication have contributed to cause the event? When an event depends on human activities, and when publication has taken place a considerable time before fulfillment, causation by the percipient is obviously one of the possible explanations of an apparent precognition. . . . In any case, it is evident that the idea of such an assassination, and even a measure of expectation of it, was thus implanted in numerous minds all over the country; while in Washington, Mrs. Dixon, according to Mrs. Montgomery, was constantly reiterating her warning. Thus it may not be necessary to suggest even a telepathic influence in theorizing that Mrs. Dixon's widely known prophecy could have been causative in the events leading to the assassination."

*"Expressing concern over a possible danger must have the impact of spurring the public imagination concerning that danger, even if it does not directly serve to create it. Economists know from experience that nervous talk about a setback is likely to create the very crisis of confidence that will bring about a recession . . . Dr. Marshall McLuhan, the Canadian sociologist . . . suggests that communications media strongly influence the very events they record, communicate, and analyze." (Martin Ebon, *Prophecy in Our Time*, New American Library, 1968.)

*Citizens of New York City, interviewed about Dr. Martin Luther King's warning in 1967 of possible violence in the streets during the summer, expressed concern in the *Amsterdam News* (April 22, 1967). Will George: ". . . one of those potentially self-fulfilling prophecies." John D. Silvera: ". . . the prediction itself might create an awareness in the potential troublemakers." Davis Fields: ". . . sometimes when one predicts dire consequences, it is almost like wishing and willing them to happen."

VII

THE COMING OF THE ANTICHRIST

Perhaps the strangest of all Jeane Dixon's prophecies are those related to the coming of the Antichrist, that bogeyman of the Christian mystique whose very name seems incongruous in the twentieth century.

Mrs. Dixon comes by her interest in the Antichrist quite naturally, since she is both an ardent Catholic and a latter-day prophetess. It is not peculiar that Mrs. Dixon should concern herself with his coming, but the matter-of-fact tone in which she warns of his allure, or that of his prophet, strike an eerie note. It's almost as if Mrs. Dixon were warning a little girl on the imprudence of accepting candy from a stranger: "From all I have read concerning the coming of this prophet of the false Christ, I feel the following points are worth repeating (and remembering)!"

There can be no doubt that Mrs. Dixon is in earnest about the Antichrist; not even her worst enemies—if any exist—would ever doubt the sincerity of her devotion to her religion. Catholic priests have often come to her defense by stressing that nothing in the Roman Catholic dogma frowns upon or clashes with Mrs. Dixon's use of her prophetic "gift." The two are in no way mutually exclusive, quite the opposite. In *A Gift of Prophecy*, Ruth Montgomery quotes a number of theologians, including Saint Thomas Aquinas, Pope Benedict, and a priest of the Trappist order, Father Alois Wiesinger, who writes on "occult phenomena" in support of the theory that visions are God-given.

On a television interview program sponsored by the Paulist Fathers and the Archdiocese of New York, Mrs. Dixon and Father James Lloyd discussed prophecy as one of the "gifts of the Holy Spirit" enumerated by Saint Paul in his First Letter to the Corinthians. Father Lloyd, in an interview with Joe D. Nicola of the Catholic Press, said of Jeane Dixon: "Because she is such a warm, loving woman, what she says does have an impact, even when it's prosaic. Maybe because she's a startling personality, because *she* says these prosaic things, people will take them more seriously."

There seems little point in trying to prove a case for the incompatibility of prophecy and the Roman Catholic Church, since much of the Catholic faith is based on visions, and, in the words of Father Alois Wiesinger, visions can be traced to "the original spirituality of the soul before the fall."

Neither Mrs. Dixon's faith nor her standing in the Catholic community are questioned here. It is

her interpretation of the vision concerning the Antichrist and her unswerving assumption that what *she* has "seen" will come to pass, that deserve close examination.

The Antichrist himself is not confined to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church—the Puritan fathers in Salem were continually on the lookout for him and felt that he was close at hand during the infamous witch trials of the late sixteenth century. It has been the vanity of every age to consider itself the ultimate in corruption, decadence, and Godlessness, and to predict with perfect assurance that the Day of Judgment is at hand. Apocalyptic visions abound in times of crisis, and the United States of the 1970's is by no means the first nation to be compared to Sodom, Gomorrah, or the Roman Empire by amateur historians. It is perhaps beyond the abilities of human beings to think of themselves as part of a recurring pattern—in unhappy times we like to believe that we are, the most ill-favored race of creatures ever to have lived.

Following in the footsteps of the great prophets, both Biblical and contemporary, Mrs. Dixon looks to the Apocalypse in her own special manner. If, as Hans Holzer has stated, Mrs. Dixon deserves a place among the "gifted prophets of all time", then it is only natural for her to turn her sights on the Day of Judgment. Writing in *Predictions—Fact or Fallacy* (Hawthorne Books, 1968) Holzer tells us that "Only time will tell whether I am right in placing Jeane Dixon in the direct line of succession from Nostradamus, Saint Malachy and Saint John." (He qualifies his statement by explaining he has

included her in this exalted company "not so much because she has a startlingly high percentage of hits among her predictions but because her stature as a psychic has become that of a public figure.")

If the Bible and the grand prophets teach one lesson in regard to their prophecies concerning the Day of Judgment, it is that things will get a whole lot worse before they become better. Jeane Dixon, following not only in the steps of Nostradamus and Saint John but of the doomsday prophets of the Old Testament, foresees a new age of Godlessness and atheism as the penultimate stage before the coming of the Antichrist.

Mrs. Dixon speaks of the Antichrist with the same degree of intimacy which characterizes her references to world leaders, close friends, and employees of the Dixon realty office. There is no religious symbolism in what Mrs. Dixon has to say about him. He is a clear and soon-to-be-present danger and he is as real to her as the witch in *Hansel and Gretel* might be to a small child. She is unclear about the precise date of his arrival, but since he will be preceded by his own prophet even as it was told in ancient times, anyone on the lookout will be able to tell when the time is at hand. Mrs. Dixon specifically tells us: *"The Prophet of the Antichrist and the Antichrist himself, therefore, will be specific and identifiable persons!"*

Unlike the Biblical prophets, Jeane Dixon does not shroud her messages in mystical, double-edged rhetoric, except when she is trying to be descriptive or enthusiastically anecdotal. When she prophesies she does so in direct and simple terms. Except for the understandable confusions inherent in her

oversimplified view of things, her words are meant to be taken quite literally. She has often voiced the opinion (as has Ruth Mongomery, who has called Jeane Dixon "guileless as a child") that her merits as a seeress lie not in her great ability to receive visions, but in her childlike nature. She once told magazine writer Jerome Ellison, in an article entitled: "Jeane Dixon Talks About God" (*The Christian Herald*, March, 1966) that she likes to think God has given her visions not because she is "favored" but because he knows she will "blurt them out like a child, and tell the world [she has] seen them." It is possible that Mrs. Dixon takes the words of revelation as literally as her readers are intended to take *her* words. Perhaps what Jeane thinks of as her propensity for blurting her visions out "like a child" might better be labeled infantile *interpretations*. For example, in her book Jeane tells us about a meeting she had with the Antichrist on the night of July 14, 1952—a night of "drenching humidity."

Mrs. Dixon says that she was lying in that peculiar state between sleep and wakefulness when she felt a "powerful presence" close at hand, followed by an awareness of God's love entering and protecting her from "whatever was to take place." Thus fortified, she was able to look with a great deal of aplomb and self control at a "presence" shaped like a serpent, which was nudging at her mattress! The "powerful waves of intellect" which radiated from the serpent prompted her admiration: "I remember thinking, 'What power! What intellect! Yet it is no bigger than a garden hose.'" The serpent attempted to coil about Mrs. Dixon's

legs and hips, but the same protective force which had earlier kept her from fear now protected her from any harm the serpent might wish upon her. This was indeed fortunate, since the serpent now had "grown to the size of an arm" and sported jowls "shaped like minature pyramids . . ." Its eyes gazed "fixedly toward the East" and "reflected all the wisdom and suffering of the ages, but also an unspoken plea for trust and understanding."

Confronted with a specter which would have sent many a Washington matron screaming out into the night, Mrs. Dixon studied the serpent carefully, bemused by the sense of its mighty intellect which "somehow 'took' by 'giving.'" If her faith and trust in the serpent had been great enough, Mrs. Dixon knew that it would allow her to share in its "unearthly wisdom." She and the snake continued their staring contest, with Mrs. Dixon the victor. The serpent withdrew and vanished; the time was 3:14 A.M. according to Jeane Dixon's bedside clock.

And what are we to make of this vision?

"Many times since then my mind has wandered back to that night and what I experienced," writes Mrs. Dixon in what must be one of the most incredible understatements ever penned. She explains that "a thorough knowledge of the religious value of the snake" is "prerequisite" to a full understanding of the vision's meaning. She then treats us to a little primer on serpent-lore, containing references to Eve and the "perversely attractive wisdom and glamour" she perceived in the serpent's eyes, as well as some sweeping statements in reference to the snake's importance in Africa, such as,

"Throughout Africa the serpent is worshipped either for itself or as the embodiment of a god."

She acknowledges that "many people" through the ages have been fascinated by snakes and calls to our attention the statue of the victorious Virgin Mary treading upon a serpent, describes the King of Poland who had "a large number of snakes killed which were being adored in secret and underground cults . . ." quotes a little Scripture concerning the angel Michael's battle with a dragon, and concludes that Satan and the serpent are "practically synonymous and interchangeable in religious traditions of the Christians and Hebrews . . ."

This done, we the readers are presumably well enough acquainted with the serpent's symbolic importance to continue with Mrs. Dixon in her analysis of her confrontation with Satan. Make no mistake, Mrs. Dixon claims that it was Satan himself who, in the guise of a serpent, came nudging at her mattress that sultry July night. It was a confrontation which caused Jeane Dixon to give serious consideration to, and prophetic warnings of, the coming of the Antichrist.

In keeping with the tradition of corruption and decadence which always precedes, in prophecy, the coming of the forces of evil, Mrs. Dixon warns that we are about to experience a great return to the cult of Satanism. As if the nation's current love affair with the occult were not common knowledge, she offers in evidence a news item from the Detroit *Free Press* (May 25, 1967) concerning the baptism of a three-year-old girl into the cult of Satanism. The child, daughter of San Francisco's High Priest of the First Church of Satan, Anton Szandor

Lavey, was baptized at an altar formed by a naked woman. Her father claimed to have 250 followers in San Francisco and 5,000 more scattered throughout the world (the number has since increased).

Mrs. Dixon's point—that cultists, Satanists, and atheists are becoming ever more prevalent in the United States—is surely indisputable, but her assertions regarding the causes of this and other phenomena are questionable. She lays the blame, indirectly and without mentioning any names, upon John F. Kennedy and the "new frontier" concept introduced to the youth of America in 1960.*

Jeane Dixon cites Kennedy's challenge to "the youth" and then exclaims, "No one, however, in 1960 asked the question, 'Are they ready for this awesome responsibility?'" Mrs. Dixon, ever fond of characterizing groups as "not ready" to assume responsibility, now sees the "adolescents"—like their companions in unreadiness, the "Negroes"—being snapped up by yet a third group, the "Communists." In fact, she is quite fiery about it all, stating that "the Communist-front organizations . . . guided the hordes of unprepared, destiny-seeking adolescents and their bearded brothers to use the weapons of protest."

Her tone for the young people who are being forced into conflict before they are responsible enough to know what they are doing is one of pity; yet she manages to state flatly that their purpose is to "assert and impose their false doctrines of reform." She is likely to meet with hearty approval

*This has become a rather popular rationalization; in a recent speech Patricia Nixon attributed the Kent State incident to the same source.

from extreme conservative quarters for this statement, but even if one could agree with her the obvious question arises: If the battleground is between "the ideologies of the social order and that of the adolescents," as she believes, might not the existing social order share some of the blame? Does she seriously blame John Kennedy for exhorting the youth of the country to become more conscious of their responsibilities and rights? Perhaps she believes that if they had been allowed to rest dormant the young would speedily have appreciated the innate "correctness" of our society's structure and in later years would have looked back upon the 1960's as "the good ole days?"

Mrs. Dixon envisions a political machine of vast intellect and evil that will be governed by one of America's leading families. The machine will keep from the White House anyone of whom it does not approve. It will be abetted by the "foreign subversive elements" who will continue their infiltration on college campuses and in the "racial ghettos," and finally, through propaganda, intimidation, and "illegal sixth-column activities," will succeed in taking "de facto control of the country." The climate of chaos created by this "government within a government" will pave the way for the coming, not of the Antichrist, but of his prophet.

This prophet will be a superb manipulator of the propaganda machines, and his teachings will cause people to yearn for the Antichrist and to actively organize for his coming. The prophet will introduce a "proud and haughty spirit of anti-Christian science" which will woo people into atheism and self-pride of such magnitude that the very prospect of

Christianity will seem "outmoded" and useless. He will offer peace, solidarity, freedom, unity, and "the reign of justice upon this earth." In short, the prophet of the Antichrist will seem to be just the political candidate many Americans have been searching for.

Does Mrs. Dixon want us to eschew politicians who seem agreeably inclined toward any of the above conditions? Is she proposing that any scientific breakthroughs in the next decades will be the handiwork of Satan, and, if so, are we to reject the discovery of, say, a cure for cancer on the theory that any step forward is a vote for the Antichrist? Can we protect ourselves from him only by voting for political candidates who propose a regime of war, bigotry, disunity, and hatred?

We are still apparently safe in opting for seeming "good guys" as long as they present their causes bunglingly and without visible intelligence or passion, for the prophet of the Antichrist, according to Mrs. Dixon will be an orator of such superb talents that he will succeed in enticing and seducing the entire world! Only when this Herculean task has been accomplished will the Antichrist himself appear, and then the great intellectual deception of mankind will have already been half-accomplished. The stage upon which the Antichrist will work his miracles will have been set.

Jeane Dixon believes that the Antichrist will strip Man clean of the fears and guilts which have held him prisoner through the ages. The thoughts of each individual will be controlled by him until there is no boundary between countries and the

"whole world will become an island within the universe."

Since the Antichrist will declare himself a prince of peace, there will be no more war. *No more war!* In the light of all this, what can Mrs. Dixon, or anybody for that matter, have against the Antichrist? Why could he not be thought of as the incarnation of the true Christianity rather than the sworn adversary of his namesake? What price does he exact in return for performing the long-desired but seemingly impossible feat of eradicating war from the Universe?

He will insist that "Christianity" be rejected by all men, or, as Mrs. Dixon would have it: ". . . he will not tolerate worship of the one true God." Naturally this will present some problems of divided loyalties and make the more introspective of our number wonder why the Antichrist himself might not be considered "the one true God" since he will be considerably more effective than any who have gone before him. But Jeane Dixon feels that the Christian Church will be forced underground: "Nothing will remain of the distinguished position it enjoyed as the leader and sponsor of human culture; nothing will be left of its institutional power, yet the Holy Spirit will remain with the Church as Christ revealed '. . . to the end of time.' "

Since it would be perverse to stage a campaign for the Antichrist in these pages, it should at least be pointed out that Mrs. Dixon's descriptions of him, larded as they are with quotations from Saint John, Cardinal Newman, and Jesus himself, betray her weak grasp of the theological concept of the Antichrist.

She quotes, for instance, Cardinal Newman, the nineteenth century Catholic convert and apologist for the Christian faith: "He [the Antichrist] promises you civil liberty; he promises you equality; he promises you trade and wealth; he promises you a remission of taxes; he promises you reform . . . He scoffs at times gone by; he scoffs at every institution that reveres them." As Jeane read these words she must have sighed gently over the swarms of troublesome Negroes and tradition-hating young people who are seeking to impose their "false doctrines of reform" while "destroying and overthrowing the heritage of our country." How reassuring to know that the most powerful Catholic voice in Victorian England said it all, and said it much better!

Mrs. Dixon quotes an opponent—most vociferous at that—of liberalism: a man of immense sophistication who readily admitted, after his conversion from Anglicanism to Roman Catholicism in 1845, that the mysteries of the Church were not to be understood by common men and must be carefully edited for their consumption. Cardinal Newman during his Anglican days vaguely flirted with the idea of the Pope as Antichrist; a flirtation which should suggest to Mrs. Dixon, if she has studied the writings of Cardinal Newman, that his view of the Antichrist is more complicated than hers.

This is, of course, only to say that the antichrist is a big-time intellectual concept: not a handy symbol through which one lady from Washington—no matter how psychically gifted—can expect to make clear her political views and fears for the future.

Once she has finished moralizing, however, Jeane

Dixon gets down to the heart of the vision which describes the Antichrist's entry into the modern world. Here we are treated to an astonishing description of the Antichrist's ancestry which beggars all description. Jeane Dixon's description of the "child from the East" resembles the style of the old "Classics" comic book, which were illustrated skeletal versions of famous literature.

Without pictures, but in much the same spirit, Mrs. Dixon tells us about a vision she had on February 5, 1962. Since the lights in one of her chandeliers had been darkening and behaving strangely during the preceding days, she had been primed for a vision, but the "endless desert scene, broiled by a relentless sun" which appeared to her outside her Georgetown window was a surprise, even for her. Emerging from the radiant sun into this parched landscape were Queen Nefertiti, whom Jeane immediately recognized, and a man whom she took to be Nefertiti's husband, the Pharaoh Amenhotep. His name was changed to Ikhnaton when he initiated the worship of Aton the sun god.

Nefertiti carried a soiled baby swaddled in rags, whose humble appearance contrasted strongly with the "magnificently arrayed royal couple." Mrs. Dixon says that this revelation signifies that a baby was born to revolutionize the world "somewhere in the Middle East shortly after 7 A.M. on February 5, 1962"—3,000 years after the actual existence of Queen Nefertiti! Nefertiti subsequently dies in this vision (with a dagger in her back) and Mrs. Dixon watches her child grow to young manhood, a cross over his head expanding to cast its shadow over the entire world. "Simultaneously, suffering people, of

all races, knelt in worshipful adoration, lifting their arms and offering their hearts to this man." Indeed, Jeane Dixon felt *herself* to be one of this multitude until she realized that "the channel that emanated from him was not that of the Holy Trinity."

Go directly to jail if you have not by now divined that the ragged "child from the East" is none other than our old friend the Antichrist. It is somewhat interesting to note Mrs. Dixon's choice of Nefertiti as the mother of the Antichrist. Due to the preservation of a polychrome bust which has been widely reproduced, Nefertiti—whose name means The Beautiful One has Come—is perhaps the only member of the great dynasties of Egyptian antiquity whose name and face are known even to schoolchildren. (Since Mrs. Dixon is neither a historian nor an Egyptologist, and was ignorant of Nefertiti's role in the cult of Aton at the time that she experienced the vision, it indicates that the roots of this particular vision may be more auto-suggestive than divine.)

Mrs. Dixon comments glowingly on the splendid raiment of the Pharaoh and his queen ("Holding hands as lovers do" they were "majestic in their bearing"). Does Mrs. Dixon know that Ikhnaton was physically deformed, that he was often portrayed with an oversized head, and enlarged breasts and buttocks? And why must Mrs. Dixon tell us that Ikhnaton's name was Amenhotep III, when the most rudimentary glance in a dictionary would have revealed that he was Amenhotep IV? She does tell us that Ikhnaton's father was Amenophis III; perhaps her confusion lies in the fact that

she does not understand Amenhotep and Amenophis to be the same names.

Erroneous genealogy out of the way, Mrs. Dixon gives a cursory account of the way in which Ikhnaton abolished "the gods that for so long had held the Egyptians in mental bondage," and elevated one deity, Aton, the Sun God. Mrs. Dixon strongly disapproves of Ikhnaton's introduction of monotheism, since Aton is not her idea of the "one true God." Mrs. Dixon operates on the assumption, it seems, that many gods are preferable to one God if He is the wrong one. This tortured logic leads her to her conclusion that Ikhnaton was the sire of the Antichrist.

Mrs. Dixon says that this imitation Christ child is biding his time until he is old enough to "deceive humanity." She says he will be eleven in 1973, at which time, "his Satanic mission and purpose in life" will be revealed to him. In case you are interested, we can expect the "impact of his presence in the world" to begin bearing its "forbidden fruit" when he is approximately twenty-nine or thirty.* Naturally, Mrs. Dixon sees "the youth" flocking to the Antichrist—presumably in Jerusalem, where he will be very active—"in much the same way that

*It is possible that Mrs. Dixon's Antichrist is loosely based on the leader of Arab background to whom Nostradamus has referred, although the "child from the East" will surely be still too young in 1973 to instigate the twenty-seven years' war culminating in Armageddon foretold by Nostradamus. Saint Malachy has predicted that the Pope who follows Paul VI will be "concerning the half-moon," an indication that he too will be of Eastern background. Both prophets indicate Palestine as a center of great activity in the years directly ahead.

some of the youth of today make their pilgrimages to their Gurus."

The ending of the vision is predictable: The small band of true Christians who resist the Antichrist and cleave to the one true God will penetrate "the shield of sin" and find themselves home at last. Satan and his crafty ploy, the Antichrist, will become "a mere page in the annals of the long war between Christ and his adversary."

Perhaps the great resurgence of interest in devil worship, which Mrs. Dixon has so painstakingly warned us of, justifies her own equally medieval preoccupation with the Antichrist. If it seems somewhat frivolous, in an age when there are so many tangible problems in which to take an interest, to worry about the adversary of Christ made flesh, then it must be attributed to Mrs. Dixon's innate feeling for weights and balances. As long as she appears judicious and competent in expressing her theories, one does not have to be terribly nervous about them, but certain distressing elements keep cropping up.

Mrs. Dixon is shouldering a mighty responsibility when she describes her Antichrist as a politician who will make an appearance in the near future. Assuming that she believes at least a fair number of people who read her book will be consumed with terror and revulsion at the prospect of the Antichrist and all he stands for, she is once more firmly planting herself in the soil of reactionary politics and encouraging others to do the same on pain of losing their immortal souls.

It never seems to occur to Jeane Dixon that some of her readers may be better educated or more

knowledgeable than herself. The arrogance of her little lessons in history, written on a level which would embarrass most high school students and reeking with inaccuracy and amateurish attempts at drawing historical "parallels," is truly insulting. One can deduce either that Mrs. Dixon is truly contemptuous of her readers' intellects, or that she has been too lazy or unconcerned to either do the required research herself or turn it over to a competent associate.

Finally—and most important—what caused Mrs. Dixon to change her mind about the nature of her vision between the time of the publication of Ruth Montgomery's book and the publication of *My Life and Prophecies?* In the first book, the child from the East is seen by Mrs. Dixon as someone who will "bring together all mankind in one all-embracing faith. This will be the foundation of a new Christianity, with every sect and creed united through this man who will walk among the people to spread the wisdom of the Almighty power." She *does* intimate that by 1999 the world will "probably discover the full meaning of the vision," but not until four years later, in her own book, does she decide that the child from the East is the Antichrist. It seems likely that the political climate in the intervening years persuaded Mrs. Dixon that the people of the earth needed to have a "good scare" to channel them back to modes of behavior more to her liking.

VIII

THE TESTIMONIALS

There is an apparently limitless supply of stories concerning Jeane Dixon's amazing predictions on a more personal level. Countless anecdotes describing her feats are related in Mrs. Dixon's own book, *My Life and Prophecies,* and in Ruth Montgomery's earlier book, *A Gift of Prophecy*. These feats cannot be documented as accurately as her published predictions regarding domestic and international affairs, and consequently we have only the word of a number of Dixon devotees as retold by Jeane herself, or her biographer, to go on.

Oddly enough, these little anecdotes are often more impressive than the big, splashy, predictions which make headlines, since events befalling little-known people seem more authentic somehow. If Jeane Dixon takes the hand of a Washington taxi

driver, for instance, and tells him in full view of several witnesses that his ailing daughter will recover and go on to a successful career as an opera singer, and if we are reasonably sure that Mrs. Dixon never saw or heard of the taxi driver before in her life, we are impressed when the events come to pass. No amount of reasoning about how much "inside" information is available to Mrs. Dixon through associating with the "right" people will explain the phenomenon of Jeane and the taxi driver.

Almost everyone has amazed a friend by accurately predicting some event in the future—we all have small "psychic flashes" now and then—but the sheer weight of the testimonials for Jeane Dixon is awesome. If a small voice whispers over and over that we have only *her* word for the veracity of these incidents, we are ashamed and must remind ourselves that the recipients of her "gift"—some of them quite illustrious—are strong and vocal in her behalf.

Even more irritating are the large-scale prophecies on important matters which just happened to come to her while chatting with a friend and are described in casual terms. It is somewhat infuriating that one could not read these predictions, satisfyingly set down in black and white in some publication, *before* the event in question ever took place.

Kay Halle, a long time friend of Mrs. Dixon, seems to bring out the best in Jeane Dixon. It was she who first heard of the impending danger to John F. Kennedy some months before the trip to Dallas, and it was also Kay Halle who was present when Jeane predicted the mammoth Alaska earthquake of 1964. It seems that Jeane had been ruminating on President Johnson's health when Mrs. Halle, understandably nervous about Jeane's presidential vibrations, begged her to change the subject. Obligingly, Mrs. Dixon brightly described a troublesome vision she had been having lately—a scene of devastation, in which the earth turned violently and great spouts of water rushed up while houses broke apart and crumbled. She said she thought it took place in the far north, and when Chile experienced a slight earthquake several weeks later she reiterated that *her* vision was yet to be fulfilled and would take place in Canada or Alaska. On March 27, 1964, four weeks from Mrs. Dixon's original prediction, Alaska suffered one of the worst earthquakes ever recorded. This is precisely the sort of prophecy, untainted as it is with human personality or political intrigue, which would have been most impressive had it appeared in print in Jeane's column prior to the actual event.

Jeane Dixon seems to be particularly attuned to destructive, elemental forces. She has, for example, prophesied a number of fires. It has been reported that shortly after her marriage to Jimmy Dixon, she astonished one of her husband's employees at the Dixon real estate office by calling early in the morning to report she had dreamed of a fire in one of the company houses and begged the man to check on the matter. One of the houses he visited was on fire. He had come barely in time to call the fire department.

On another occasion, Mrs. Dixon pleaded with her friend, artist Emma Ench, to have everything in the cellar of her house in Paterson, New Jersey,

fireproofed. Miss Ench, who was planning to hold an exhibit there to benefit the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, assured Mrs. Dixon that the fire marshall had pronounced everything satisfactory, but Mrs. Dixon became extremely distressed and repeated her warning over and over. She had received the warning vibrations merely from looking at a photograph which showed a cross section of the room where the exhibit was to be held, and remained inconsolable after her friend had left, murmuring "Poor, poor Emma! Poor Emma!" The unfortunate Emma Ench died from burns sustained in a fire which had apparently originated in the cellar shown in the photograph. (The Paterson *Morning Call,* incidentally, attributed the blaze to a "flaming marshmallow.")

The incident, as related in *A Gift of Prophecy,* is reconstructed by four of the five women present when the premonition of disaster occurred, and describes Mrs. Dixon dropping the fatal photo "as if her fingers were burned" and crying out "in horror." We don't know whether the photograph actually burned her fingers, or whether the utterance was a natural figure of speech under the circumstances.

The vibrations which come to Jeane Dixon through people or objects *do* occasionally affect her physically, as in the numerous instances when she tells us she is able to "feel" another person's pain or discomfort upon making contact. At other times she is apparently able to diagnose ailments on a purely psychic level, as she did for Dr. F. Regis Riesenman, whose daughter Mary Alice was believed to be a victim of cerebral palsy. Mrs. Dixon

meditated on a picture of the child and finally pronounced her to be suffering, not from cerebral palsy, but from a congenital dislocation of the hip which would steadily improve! Dr. Riesenman took his daughter to a famous orthopedic surgeon—the doctors who appear in Jeane Dixon's anecdotes are always described as "famous"—who confirmed the diagnosis. Small wonder that Dr. Riesenman, who once invoked the name of Thomas Aquinas to excuse some of Mrs. Dixon's unsuccessful prophecies, considers her "one or the two or three greatest psychics of our times. . . ."

Mrs. Dixon's on-the-spot revelations are not always so impressive. One is not exactly stunned to learn that she told television personality Mike Douglas that he was very shy as a boy, or that he used to go into the next room when grown-ups asked him to sing. Nine out of ten adults could acknowledge similar behavior. On the other hand, her advice to a Washington television moderator that he should patent his inventions because they would bring him "a great deal of money" is more exciting, since the man in question admitted that only his wife knew about his secret hobby. Mrs. Dixon also seems to strike the target in the innumerable instances wherein she has used her gift to help close friends—ranging from amusing and pleasant little examples, such as the time Marcella duPont believed her jewelry to be stolen until Mrs. Dixon informed her that the jewels were safely reposing where Mrs. duPont herself had placed them, to matters of life and death. Employees at the Dixon realty office were sure Jeane had gone too far when she called and ordered them to get an

ambulance for a Dixon real estate employee named Justice Mitchell, who had just returned from his vacation and seemed to be in splendid health. While the conversation was still in progress, Mr. Mitchell slumped to the floor, unconscious, and survived a near-fatal heart attack only because of the rapidity with which his fellow employees were able to summon an ambulance. This one *did* make the newspapers, and it also made a "believer" of Justice Mitchell, who, when he recovered, told Mrs. Dixon that he had never been "sure" before, "but since this happened I know that there is a God."

In the Dixon chronicles there appear a number of curious little cases which might indicate that Jeane Dixon's friends take her predictions so seriously that they themselves hasten to fulfill them. We are told, for example, that James Melton was crushed when Mrs. Dixon told him he would not own his beautiful boat for very long. When she described the new boat he would shortly buy "he just would not listen." Surprise! "A scant two months later, when he bought his new boat, he felt slightly embarrassed for not having listened to me."

Or take Kitty Denny, the Baroness von Ammon. She was understandably annoyed when Mrs. Dixon told her the man she loved would never marry her. When he died in a plane crash before their wedding could take place, Jeane comforted her with the news that she would one day meet a wonderful man with red hair and teeth set widely apart. Although Kitty was not impressed with this description and protested that she liked handsome men, she nevertheless obligingly married what appears

to be the first redhaired man with "widespread" teeth she met. (Here again is a curious mixture of the impressive with the banal—Jeane Dixon also accurately predicted the murder of one of Kitty's daughters and the death of her mother.)

It might be foolish to suggest that James Melton ran out to buy a new boat merely to please Mrs. Dixon, or that the Baroness von Ammon married her redhead as a result of the power of suggestion, but it is certainly true that certain susceptible people do make events happen to them when an idea has been planted in their minds. It is never Jeane Dixon's purpose to *influence* her friends, with the exception of warnings concerning avoidable tragedies—but influence them she must. There is, in her recounting of these often chilling little tales, a spirit of "I told you so" mixed in with the compassion and sympathy she almost automatically manifests. It is the odd juxtaposition of the examples which is jarring—the relentless parade of stories which range from the somber to the ridiculous, in which James Melton and his boat or God at the racetrack appear cheek by jowl with harrowing accounts of a friend's death. One finally gets an uneasy feeling that what has *happened* is not important. What *is* important is to sandwich in as many rapturous comments and testimonials to Mrs. Dixon's amazing talent, good nature, and pious motives as possible.

Mrs. Dixon herself modestly disclaims much of the praise, but always takes care to include it in her narratives. She tells us that Martha Rountree, in writing a résumé of predictions Mrs. Dixon had made for her over the years, "used more flattering

adjectives than I would ever dare to use about myself," but quotes her nonetheless "for the sake of accuracy." Mrs. Rountree, for the record, believes the modest prophetess is "on radar with God."

IX

NAILING A CUSTARD PIE TO THE WALL

While the great bulk of material written about Jeane Dixon is of the reverent, breathless variety, it would be a mistake to think that she is universally admired. Now and then, sandwiched into a book dealing with prophecy, ESP, or related subjects, there appears a section on Jeane Dixon which is quite obviously written by someone who is holding his tongue firmly in his cheek while maintaining a discreetly polite tone.

Those involved in psychical research have never had an opportunity to study Mrs. Dixon's "powers" firsthand and most of them are only available for off-the-record comment.

"Parapsychologists are frustrated," writes Martin Ebon in *Prophecy in our Time* (New American Library, 1968) when apparently stellar performers in

prophecy or telepathy are not available for laboratory testing." He quotes, in a chapter devoted to Mrs. Dixon entitled "The Washington 'Seeress,'" from the *Journal* of the American Society for Psychical Research (July, 1966), a part of Miss Rhea White's review of the Montgomery book. Miss White concluded that Jeane Dixon "merits the serious attention of parapsychologists," and hoped that a "qualified parapsychologist will be able to study Mrs. Dixon and make his findings known." In a later issue of the *Journal*, a letter from Mr. W. H. W. Sabine expressed agreement with Miss White and added: "Mrs. Dixon's personal character as it is depicted in the book—religious, charitable, and unmercenary—certainly is not one that should impede her in satisfying scientific interest as well as that of the general public and her acquaintances."

Mr. Ebon, formerly of the Parapsychology Foundation of New York, and one of the leading writers in the field today, takes a discreetly questioning view of Mrs. Dixon's "powers" and devotes the bulk of his chapter to raising the question of the possible harm her prophecies may bring about. He reviews some of Jeane Dixon's better known prophecies with a cheerful suspension of reverence: "The degree to which her public has fastened on her forecasts that were, or seemed to be, confirmed by events, while virtually ignoring such casually erroneous prophecies as . . . [her] prognosis on the Vietnam war, illustrates a mass desire for prophetic certainties.

"One need not be overly critical to observe that some of her forecasts were mere dramatized projections of developments already well under way," Mr. Ebon explains with exemplary gentleness, describing her "forecast" in 1966 that peace negotiations would get under way early in the year. Taking a good look at that particular year, Mr. Ebon in fact decided that "All through the year, events in no way reflected any realistic interpretation that might be made of Mrs. Dixon's prophecy." Much of Mrs. Dixon's prophecy falls into a sort of limbo in which "Neither outright error nor notable accuracy" can be seen, and some seem to stem from her own personal viewpoints. "One gains the impression that Mrs. Dixon is occasionally influenced by political anxieties."

Mr. Ebon, writing before the publication of *My Life and Prophecies*, makes no mention of the Antichrist or of Mrs. Dixon's comments on the assassinations of Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy. He does, however, warn of the dangers inherent in public predictions: ". . . a publicized prophetic vision—whether believed to be inspired by God or obtained through more mundane channels—carries with it a serious responsibility. Mrs. Dixon's responsibility is particularly great, because her other, correct prophecies have brought her a wide following."

Mr. Ebon, who is an authority on world Communism—his most recent book in the field is *Lin Piao: China's New Ruler* (New York, 1970)—as well as a shrewd observer of the psychic scene, has definite opinions on Mrs. Dixon's international clairvoyance. "I remember seeing her on the David Susskind show, telling us about her insights into Marxist intrigues. Now, Susskind has a

middle-aged fascination with New Youth and the New Left, and he kept goading Jeane Dixon into assorted pseudo-conservative self-revelations. She said, for instance, that she had 'tuned in' on a conversation between leaders in Peking and Moscow, conspiring against the United States. She is vague and remote about these things, but she seemed to be saying that she was riding in an airplane and heard these voices as if she were monitoring a wireless telephone conversation between the Kremlin and a member of the Chinese Communist hierarchy.

"It would have been a revolutionary piece of intelligence technique, if she'd come up with something specific, shall we say, about Moscow-Peking relations concerning the three rival Marxist parties of India, or border troubles between Sinkiang (China) and Kazakhstan (Russia), or the delicate position of Romania. Susskind, smiling benignly, gave the impression that Mrs. Dixon would be unable to find any of these places on a map. All she kept saying was that she had heard these anonymous Chinese and Russian leaders talk about weakening the United States. As this is their loudly and consistently proclaimed aim, jointly or separately, her clairvoyance about it hardly adds anything to our knowledge. So we might as well stick to reading *Pravda* and *Jenmin Jih Pao.*"

One Soviet authority, Professor M. N. Livanov, told an audience at Leningrad University that people reporting psychic experiences (of the Dixon type) conveniently forget them when events do not bear them out. "But," he added, "let there be one meaningful coincidence and it will be remembered till one's dying day—it will also be discussed with

everyone willing to listen. There is thus established a false memory which may easily lead to equally false conclusions." (*The Soviet Review,* New York, June, 1961.)

At the opposite end of the literary pole, written with an ingenuous solemnity and a great deal of righteous conviction, is Reverend James Bjornstad's *Twentieth Century Prophecy* (Minneapolis Bethany Fellowship, 1969). The good pastor reviews Mrs. Dixon's "True Prophecies" as well as her "False Prophecies" and eventually decides, on the basis of bountiful Scriptural evidence, that Jeane Dixon is no true prophetess in the Biblical sense. (He notes that Jeane Dixon herself has stated as much in Ruth Montgomery's book, and he is right. Jeane Dixon, apparently embarrassed at the way in which many "Far Easterners" in awe of the configurations in her right palm "bow and scrape" when presented to her, protests: "Many of them seem to revere me as a prophet, but that is nonsense. Of course I am not!")

Now and again a newspaper columnist will refer to Jeane Dixon in non-reverential terms, managing to sneak in a thought or two which lets the reader know that Mrs. Dixon is being viewed with good-natured tolerance. The *New York Post* carried, on January 5, 1968, an article by Jean M. White entitled "D.C. Prophet Cops Out on the '68 Election." Datelined Washington, D.C., the article began: "The world—which somehow has managed to stumble through the first days of 1968 unenlightened—soon will have the counsel of Jeane Dixon, Washington's own resident seeress." Mrs. Dixon would not be telling the winner of the Presidential race

in 1968, the article explained, because "I do not want to go on record after the way things worked out with Gov. Reagan." (It seems Mrs. Dixon had been distressed over the "opportunists" who deserted former Governor Pat Brown to "jump on the Reagan bandwagon" after Mrs. Dixon had predicted a victory for Reagan.)

Miss White reviewed Jeane's prophecies for 1967, excluding those which had been too broad and general, such as "serious trouble" in Africa; a "terribly important" decision for the President, to merit consideration. The most definite prediction, that Mao and Ho Chi Minh would "disappear from the arena of world power," was followed by others which seemed vague enough to be relegated to the former category—that the Vietnam situation would worsen, that Congress would initiate some "undreamed-of legislation" and so on.

Miss White summed up: "Mrs. Dixon and her followers like to look at the future, not the past. Only an unenlightened unbeliever, they feel, would attempt to keep a record of accuracy on the predictions of the prophetess . . . . But Mrs. Dixon, who views her gift of prophecy with solemn awe, freely admits that she makes mistakes."

One of the best examples of Mrs. Dixon's doubletalk appeared in her column on March 17, 1968, a few weeks after the foregoing: "The more I meditate, the more I see the smile on Governor Reagan's face broaden. Ronald Reagan is a man of destiny. I believe he feels 'what will be will be.' I do not see him trying to trip up any other candidate." (*Newark Sunday News*, March 17, 1968.) Too bad the *Newark News* did not see fit to run a contest with a

year's free subscription to the reader who could stop laughing long enough to make sense of it.

On the other hand, her thoughts concerning Governor George Wallace in the same column were crystal clear—so simple, in fact, that one wonders why the world needed a "prophetess" to reveal them. ". . . His political fortune at times runs quite high . . . It is clear that [he] does not control the situation, but, rather, the situation controls him."

With the publication of *My Life and Prophecies* in 1969, Mrs. Dixon has earned countless new admirers, but also a few hostile critics who are no longer willing to entirely dismiss the lady as a harmless eccentric. The toughest and funniest critic seems to be Marcia Seligson, who in the *New York Times Book Review* (Dixonmania, October 19, 1969) referred to Mrs. Dixon's book as "basically . . . the harmless rant of a lady who may or may not be a psychic and may or may not be a fruitcake."

Miss Seligson addresses her comments both to the book's content—". . . a silly, self-serving backpat consisting of creepy anecdotes wherein Mrs. Dixon foretells doom for a lot of her friends or diagnoses people's illnesses in her crystal ball after doctors have failed"—and to the "right-wing poison darts" contained therein. Miss Seligson describes a scene at a Bookmasters bookstore in Manhattan where Mrs. Dixon was autographing copies of her book for the "1,000 ladies lined up for blocks, many having driven 100 miles or more just to touch her." Mrs. Dixon, evidently unaware of the vast Puerto Rican population of the greater

New York area, patted the hand of any autograph seeker with vaguely Hispanic name and whispered "a joyful prediction about Castro's days being numbered." (Mrs. Dixon has always been concerned with the approaching death of Castro. His days have been "numbered" by her for some time now.)

"Until *My Life and Prophecies*, I thought the Dixonmania was simply funny. Certainly not dangerous," continues Miss Seligson, and then goes on to remind us of the 2,000 letters which find their way to Mrs. Dixon each week from all over the globe. "Yes, I thought, we're all looking for answers and reassurances and if three million people seek theirs from a lady who doesn't know Cuba from Puerto Rico, well—*quien sabe*?" Miss Seligson is also concerned with the effects (on "my mother in Baldwin or my Uncle Sidney in Los Angeles") of Jeane Dixon's frenzied insistence that the Communists "are responsible for every disruption in the country from Dr. King's assassination to the spread of LSD."

Although steadfastly admitting that "much of *My Life and Prophecies* is ludicrous," Miss Seligson, who met the "world's wealthiest prophetess" while the latter was preparing to appear on the David Susskind show, also finds Mrs. Dixon herself "spooky."

"It is her manipulation of religious faith and psychic experience in order to perpetrate hysterical notions of 'foreign subversive elements' out to destroy our America that makes Jeane Dixon scary. Not to her millions of followers, apparently, but to me."

Miss Seligson is not alone. Complaints are coming from the right wing, too. "The very sound of Jeane Dixon's voice makes intelligent Conservatives *cringe*," said a politically right-wing writer while discussing Mrs. Dixon's admission, on national television, that she was not familiar with William F. Buckley's *National Review*.

A sociologist, less right-wing but equally cowardly when it comes to revealing his identity, regards what he calls the Dixon phenomenon as "essentially an expression of the restlessness of the U.S. lower middle class; still another example of the return to such primitive drives as the need for seers and shamans and an expression of the religious crisis. Mrs. Dixon, he says, is wealthy enough to "invite the mixed envy and admiration of a certain kind of woman who otherwise gets her titillation from afternoon television soap operas. If it were technically possible, Mrs. Dixon's lectures should be opened with a melodramatic theme, played on an organ."

Most of the people who disagree with Jeane Dixon find it hard to be vocal in their disagreement when in her presence. This is so, maintains Stephen A. Schwartz, in an article called "Whispers from Heaven for $5.95 Plus Tax" (*The Washingtonian*, March, 1970), because of the force of the lady's personality. The clout of Jeane Dixon, in the flesh, must never be underestimated. It could never, apparently, even be approximated in her "as-told-to" books, which lead one to picture a vague, breathy little woman who conceals an immense vanity beneath layers of do-good philosophy and speaks in sentimental cadences appropriate to a Hallmark

card. No indeed, says Mr. Schwartz—Jeane Dixon is a tough business woman, a hard driver of bargains, and, when she lectures, an expert showwoman.

"Jeane Dixon is not a good speaker. She is not polished. But her faltering works like a charm," writes Mr. Schwartz. "She is a millionairess who has just driven up in a Cadillac. . . . For them, now, she is a housewife from next door who has a talent that got her invited to the ball." She does not talk as one might expect a woman who occasionally dines at the White House to talk, but rather: " 'Gosh, it was a *wonderful* party, and I can tell you ladies and gentlemen, that going to that *beautiful* embassy was a real honor and an *experience* for me.' "

Mr. Schwartz, who accompanied Mrs. Dixon and entourage to several Washington bookstores (where she was holding "autograph parties" for the purpose of pushing *My Life and Prophecies*) had plenty of opportunity to observe the many-faceted Dixon personality on several levels:

" 'How is the Mary Gallagher book* doing; not so well as mine?' " she asked rhetorically, "her bright red mouth . . . already pursed in thought of something else. . . . 'I have nothing against [Gallagher] personally, but she should *never* have written that book. . . . You simply don't write that way about somebody you have worked for, especially if she was the First Lady of the Land. . . . It *hurts* the country to make such statements. . . . I want to be

*A gossipy book about the former Mrs. John F. Kennedy, written by Mary Gallagher, a one-time employee of Mrs. Kennedy.

on the top of the list. . . .' " Mrs. Dixon apparently constantly refers to *her* book as "a beautiful book. . . . . It has a message for everyone!"

According to Mr. Schwartz, who witnessed the spectacle of Jeane Dixon preparing to meet her public in a Washington branch of Brentano's: "you can almost hear a click as the power surges on." Mrs. Dixon handles the crowds of autograph-hunters with expert aplomb and showmanship; in the beginning she "warmed up the crowd" by advising a man that his brother-in-law would find success if he took a certain job. She touches hands briefly, or warmly clasps a bookbuyer's hands in hers, drawing him down for a whispered consultation. To those who beg to hear something about themselves she will sometimes briskly admit that she can feel a stranger's vibrations immediately. "It's a *beautiful* book" she advises brightly for those who have come to see her but seem disinclined to buy a copy of *My Life and Prophecies*.

"She sees that those who buy books get first attention. . . . Some, apparently hoping to improve their chances of getting a [personal] message, go back and buy a book." Mrs. Dixon never seems to weary of these little autographing parties, a process most authors view with boredom or downright hatred. She is exuberant about the phenomenal sale of her book—" 'I'll bet we're way ahead of the Gallagher book now' "—and proud of the large crowds that gather to watch her make an entrance. Most of the people who flock to bookstores where Jeane Dixon is on view are middle-aged, with ladies outnumbering men, but a colonel in a Pentagon store was heard by Mr. Schwartz to remark: "You know,

this woman is all right. She understands this business of the threat we face. . . . The need for the ABM, for instance."

Like her husband James, who writes "editorials" with spiritual messages for the *Washington Post,* and who hopes to prove helpful to "junior Americans," Jeane Dixon is admired mainly by people of her own generation. A curious sense of embarrassment, and even, perhaps, a grudging admiration for her *drive* seems to keep younger people from publicly disputing Mrs. Dixon. Mr. Schwartz tells of a young professor who, upon hearing Mrs. Dixon deliver a lecture on Church infiltration by the Communists, commented: "She is the only person I know who could say such a thing, and not have everybody get up and walk out. You just can't believe she can get away with it."

It may be that Mrs. Dixon's obvious conviction that what she is saying is *right* paralyzes, temporarily, the desire to question or publicly disagree with her. It is so rare to find people who speak without qualifying themselves, people who are willing to make flat statements without an accompanying apology for any generalizations or inaccuracies, that Mrs. Dixon's high self-esteem and unshakable belief in herself and her mission render her opponents speechless.

"My field is to awaken people's faith!" exclaims Mrs. Dixon to Mr. Schwartz, when the latter is finally granted his interview. She says it looking him straight in the eye with a "zeal that makes any comment difficult," and goes on to explain that "If you have found your talent, there will be no room for doubt." It is this lack of doubt that seems to inspire Mrs. Dixon's sweeping statements on everything imaginable. "Because she feels this way," says Mr. Schwartz, "no position is too absurd, no comment is too outrageous."

"Outrageous" might be the term to apply to Mrs. Dixon's choice of the *National Enquirer* as a medium for presenting *My Life and Prophecies* in installments in 1969. The *Enquirer* has been cleaned up a bit in the past two or three years and is now a mere sensation-hungry tabloid that specializes in items centered around Kennedy-baiting, Jet Set adultery, and occultism.* Prior to this, the *Enquirer* was so infamous for its grisly newsphotos of mutilated corpses and unfortunate mutants, (not to mention headlines of the "mom axes children, boils and eats them" variety) that it became synonymous with depravity in journalism. Mad magazine once satirized the *Enquirer* in a masterfully stomach-turning piece of black humor which included as its *pièce de résistance* an "exciting photo" of a jackal retching.

It may be that Mrs. Dixon knows as little about the *National Enquirer* as she does about the *National Review,* or she may argue that thousands of people who would not have been able to afford *My Life and Prophecies* were able to digest it cheaply in the *Enquirer,* but it was the strangest of all choices for the woman who warned, in her mid-

*At this writing a copy of the *National Enquirer* picked up on the newsstands revealed lead stories entitled: "Girl Who Survived Ordeal Like Mary Jo Kopechne's Says: I Was Trapped in a Car Underwater for 8 Minutes"; "Astrologer's Advice on the Car to Buy to Suit Your Personality"; "Lana Turner's Seventh Husband Tells Why He's Divorcing Her"; etc.

year predictions for 1969, that "Immorality and obscenity have not reached their peak. They will become worse and sweep the world."

Jeane Dixon is so full of contradictions that she resembles the subject of the old adage who wants to have her cake and eat it, too. Having one's cake and eating it too involves steadfastly projecting one viewpoint and living another, or, in the case of Mrs. Dixon, believing that most of the people will always believe what she tells them about herself.

Mrs. Dixon trusts that we will take her visions and voices from Heaven with the same degree of solemnity which she herself manifests, yet sees nothing inconsistent, apparently, in writing a cute column of the sort anyone could whip together in a few free minutes, using nothing more than a basic knowledge of the traits attributed to the twelve houses of the zodiac. She has written "Your Horoscope" columns featuring amorphous little bits of advice such as "Seek for the deeper meanings today," "Go right in and ask the boss for the raise you have earned," or "Romantic interests awaken today for the eligible"—a practice which is harmless enough but which surely does not need a lady of Mrs. Dixon's stature for its accomplishment.

Her rule, as it pertains to anything which might be deemed "occult" seems to be that anything in which *she* dabbles is all right because of her close friendship with God. Other people are not granted the same spiritual immunity. Mrs. Dixon was quoted in the *Detroit Free Press* (December 5, 1968) as saying that she didn't believe in seances and "voices from the dead," because she considered them evil. "The devil," she said with triumphant

non-think logic, "is a ventriloquist." This so piqued the staff of the Detroit *Bulletin*, a spiritualist newsletter, that they printed an open letter to Mrs. Dixon in their Christmas issue.

They argued, not unreasonably, that "In light of Mrs. Dixon's strong religious background . . . it is difficult to understand why she made such a statement. The very same article quotes her as saying that the 'Holy Mother' speaks to her in revelations . . . she told of an 'angel' who appeared over her shoulder to give her the name of a winning horse at a racetrack." The letter points out that the late Padre Pio "was said to have communicated with discarnate personalities who advised and directed him" and that "Mrs. Dixon freely admits that a few hundred years ago she would have been called a witch and probably tried by her own church." The *Bulletin* staffers urge Jeane to give "mediumship an honest hearing" and offer a constructive suggestion: "Jeane, why don't you concentrate on God and let the Devil take care of himself?"

It is doubtful that the letter was ever noted by Mrs. Dixon, who usually takes care of dissenters by gently reminding them that they are taking the wrong approach in determining what their special "talents" may be. She has several techniques for discrediting spiritualistic pastimes other than her own, but they all boil down to the same message: If Jeane Dixon does it, it's okay. If others do it, it's likely to be, at best, a misled groping through "improper channels" for the illusive truth; at worst an affront to the one true God.

There is a vast inconsistency in Mrs. Dixon's oft reiterated contention that she is guileless as a child.

It is doubtful whether any millionairess and hard-working businesswoman in the United States could be considered either guileless or simple. Simplicity would not be the word to describe her business acumen. Mr. Schwartz quotes a woman in the Washington real estate business who had dealt with Jeane: "'Jeane Dixon is tougher than hell, much tougher than her husband really. There is no question about her being completely within the letter of the law, but she won't give way on a dime . . . she checks the final deal, smiling the whole time they are tying you into knots.'"

Jeane herself has often said that the Lord gave her a talent for business. "I cannot refute His will by refusing to develop and utilize that talent." This is most admirable, of course, and nobody would accuse the prophetess of mixing oil and water by using her business talent to the best of her ability, but somehow it isn't *simple.* Both Dixons would doubtless agree the last person to do well in what James Dixon has called the "jungle of the business world" would be the proverbial guileless child.

If Jeane is sometimes considered naive or prosaic, it is not intended as a comment on her shrewdness or basic ability to look out for herself and her interests, but a judgment of her intellectual pretensions and political viewpoints.

If Mrs. Dixon wishes to captivate her lecture audiences with the "oh my I'm simply *thrilled* to be here" technique, it is not proof of her "simplicity" any more than the fact that she wears expensive clothing and diamond jewelry and sleeps in a bed once owned by an empress of France is proof of her "worldliness."

Writers often capitalize on Mrs. Dixon's wealth to make amusing juxtapositions: Marcia Seligson notes that while Mrs. Dixon is being prepared for the David Susskind show "she removes from her purse, and dons, a diamond ring, diamond bracelet, and a diamond pin in the shape of a pussycat." Stephen Schwartz muses: "If prophecy brings in the mail, real estate pays for the lights. And the town house. And the diamond pins. And the clothes from Bergdorf's and Saks." Reports the *Palm Beach Post-Times* (March 15, 1970) ". . . she clutches only the simple things to her heart. . . . Her all-white bedroom reflects her gentle manner. The canopied bed . . . has mother-of-pearl bouquets inlaid into the white baseboard."

Nobody is saying that wealth and guilelessness cannot go hand in hand, of course, but a point could be made to the effect that Jeane Dixon and *simplicity* are not as closely allied as they are cranked up to be.

Mrs. Dixon moves in a circle which, although not precisely fashionable in any modern context, is powerful. Powerful the way billionaire H. L. Hunt is powerful. He calls Jeane frequently to ask advice on horse races and suitable locations for oil drilling. (Jeane reputedly threatened *Washingtonian* magazine with the words, "I know people who control billions, not millions," when she discovered that they were running an unfavorable article about her favorite project, Children To Children.)

These wealthy and influential friends of Mrs. Dixon hardly ever put her in awkward situations—she is far too cool and well-marshalled to permit that! Yet there was the great Medders

"scandal" that kept Washington buzzing for months—a scandal, that is passed over with remarkable finesse in *My Life and Prophecies.*

Ernest Medders, a *truly* impulsive man with a third grade education who supplemented his $200 a month income by occasionally peddling vegetables, lived with his wife Margaret, and their ten children, in sumptuous style during the mid-Sixties. He drew luminaries such as Governor Connally of Texas and President Johnson into their circle of friends. The money for this easy living came about as the result of a claim (eventually tossed out by the Supreme Court in 1965) filed on behalf of some 3,000 clients believed to own a share of a Texas oil field worth five hundred million dollars. Medders was one of them.

Believing, somehow, that the whole sum would eventually accrue to them, the incredible Medderses borrowed sums of money from a Catholic order of nursing and teaching nuns known—even before the Medderses began taking them for approximately $60,000 a month—as the Poor Sisters.* Nobody has ever quite been able to make clear how Ernest and Margaret Medders got away with it all, not even *Life* magazine in their article "$3,000,000 Sham—How Mr. and Mrs. Medders Amazed Texas" (*Life*, April 7, 1967), but the couple entertained on such a lavish scale, like flying Guy Lombardo and his orchestra in for parties at their Texas ranch; entertaining 1,000 people in a renovated barn they called the "coliseum", that

*The whole title is The Poor Sisters of St. Francis Seraph of the Perpetual Adoration, Incorporated.

they eventually came to the attention of Washington politicians.

"The Medderses gave at least $4,000 to join the President's Club," writes David Nevin in *Life*. "This is a Democratic fund-raising device, minimum membership $1,000, and on April 28, 1966 they attended a Presidential ball in Houston as one of the rewards for joining. There they met President Johnson and were among a select group of Texans invited to the White House for a May 4 reception." Since the President was returning to his ranch the day after the reception, he invited the Medderses to fly back to Texas in the Presidential plane with him, an event Mrs. Medders described as the most "thrilling" in their lives. The Medderses had bewildered and dazzled half of Texas, and more people in Washington than cared to admit it, before the roof caved in.

Before the end came for the Medderses, however, Ernest and Margaret staged a huge charity bash for Jeane Dixon in November of 1966. ". . . when someone offers to sponsor a charity ball and donate all of the proceeds to Children To Children, then I am thrilled to accept this honor. Such a ball was given for me by Mrs. Ernest Medders of Muenster, Texas, in the winter of 1966." Mrs. Dixon is euphoric about the party—"More than a thousand guests were . . . dancing to the 'champagne music' of Lawrence Welk's orchestra, flown in especially for the occasion . . ."—and terribly sympathetic about the Medderses' downfall: "They had not always lived the lives of millionaires, and to see 'their' fortune move out of their reach was unbearable to them." Jeane Dixon, for once, actual-

ly manages to accomplish the impossible—In her efforts to soft-pedal the whole incident, she makes the fantastic Medderses seem dull.

The strangest aspect of Jeane Dixon's role in the Medders "scandal" is her claim, in *My Life and Prophecies*, that she had had a "vision that their tremendous fortune was on the verge of disappearing," but accepted their kind invitation to the ball because she didn't know "how to break the disheartening news to them." This did not prevent her from enlightening Margaret Medders the morning after the ball, although the news was presumably no less disheartening then.

Surely nobody believed, afterward, that Mrs. Dixon had been laughing up her sleeve while the Medderses entertained half of Texas on loans from the Poor Sisters. But when Ernest and Margaret Medders were forced to declare bankruptcy several months later, a lot of people were, according to Washington gossip, extremely irritated with their resident seeress for failing to perceive the hoax in her crystal ball. All the more, it seems, since she had often vouched for Ernest and Margaret's solvency.

These same people have since taken Mrs. Dixon back into the fold, however, because as one Washingtonian who is a long-time observer of the social scene says: "Jeane Dixon's forecasts titillate the kind of women who want to be 'in the know' about what's going on in the city. About the only reading they do is Maxine Cheshire's column in the *Washington Post*—anything deeper than that is beyond their attention span. They like Mrs. Dixon because she too bears the mark of the listener and

talker rather than the reader. There is an air of gossip about most of what she says. It's not even semi-informed, just gabby. The ladies I'm referring to buzz around each other in endless rounds of lunches and card parties, and Jeane Dixon has provided them with a thrilling conversation piece. They love her: She's one of their own."

Who else loves Jeane Dixon? People who need traditional reassurances to salve their anxieties, for one. "I think we *deserve* Jeane Dixon at this point," says New York radio talk-show host, Barry Farber. Eighth graders deserve little symphonettes, seventh graders deserve chamber music, and the first graders deserve a tambourine. No harm done—nothing wrong with the first graders—they, and we, are just at a different stage of development."

Mr. Farber, who believes American folk heroes are always given the benefit of the doubt, says that when he first met Mrs. Dixon he assumed that her "prophecies" were all carefully recorded somewhere—"bottled, bonded, and certified." Instead, he discovered that most of her predictions have been made to other people—nebulous names, it seems. "I read her book," he says, "and there were all these *names*. I've lived in Washington myself, and I thought I recognized some of them . . . turns out I didn't recognize those names at all when I got right down to it. They were names that *sounded* like famous names of Washington, but they weren't the same people. You just *assume* that anyone who gets away with what Jeane Dixon gets away with is on record."

Mr. Farber, who says he "distrusts people who talk about Wise Men from the East" nevertheless

considers Mrs. Dixon harmless. "She's such a super con-woman," he says almost appreciatively. "Keeping up with Jeane Dixon is like trying to nail a custard pie to the wall! She radiates a lot of magnetism, and I don't know why nobody ever mentions it, but she's got a lot of sex-appeal, too. No doubt about it. I think Jeane Dixon is a *delicious* parlor game, but I'd rather trust the bottom of my tea cup. . . ."

X

CHILDREN TO CHILDREN

Jeane Dixon will fly to her lecture dates, or she will be driven there in her limousine with the special JPD license plates. The financial mechanics of a Dixon lecture are usually arranged well in advance. Mrs. Dixon asks only that her traveling expenses and those of her secretary be paid—she does not charge a fee. She does, however, welcome "contributions" for her foundation, Children To Children, and states that although the amount is up to the group's discretion she feels that a minimum (usually quoted at $800) is reasonable.

If it is often difficult to make sense of some of Jeane Dixon's predictions, it is almost impossible to understand the way in which she has chosen to run her foundation, Children To Children. In *My Life and Prophecies,* Mrs. Dixon explains that the foundation was formally organized in 1964, that all of her earnings from speaking engagements and radio and television appearances go to the foundation,

and that divine guidance was responsible for her decision to establish a foundation which would give physical, spiritual, and educational aid to children everywhere.

The aims of Children To Children, as set forth in Jeane Dixon's book are of course charitable and praiseworthy, although some are vague, for instance, to "Help children find their talents and develop them . . . Help children discover the wonder of God . . ." The principal aim seems to be to "Help children through medical care which will cure many of the ills and diseases that afflict them, so their minds and bodies may grow strong and healthy." It is this point in particular that seems to have inspired what Mrs. Dixon calls "one of my most memorable psychic visions; erection of the Jeane Dixon Medical Center."

Now the Jeane Dixon Medical Center is no small project, involving as it does Mrs. Dixon's concept of a complex of buildings for the treatment of children's diseases, to be laid out in the shape of a wagon wheel, covered with stained glass, and "crowned with a soaring spire tipped by an eternal flame. . . ." Mrs. Dixon has often said that she had already selected the parcel of land on which the medical center will be built, but recently she announced that she would not tell where the location was. It is now estimated that she plans to build in the Rockville, Maryland, area, but Mrs. Dixon isn't talking—"The vultures might buy the real estate I have in mind."

She hopes to get $150,000,000 from people around the world in order to make this particular vision a reality, and until recently nobody, ap-

parently, questioned either her ability to do so or the manner in which her foundation was being run.

When Mrs. Dixon learned that *Washingtonian* magazine was doing an article on her foundation, she was glad to grant interviews, but when she discovered that the financial affairs of Children To Children were being investigated by the magazine, she met with editor Laughlin Phillips and threatened a $125 million lawsuit if anyone "wrecked" her foundation. When the article came out in the March, 1970, issue of the *Washingtonian* (Harvey Katz, "This is No Way to Run a Charity") Mrs. Dixon reportedly called it a "smear job" and hired Washington attorney E. Bennett Williams to threaten the lawsuit she had already mentioned in private.

Harvey Katz, a former attorney for the Justice Department who is currently writing a series of articles for the *Washingtonian* about the charities in the Capitol's area, says that Mrs. Dixon was cooperative in explaining the purposes of Children To Children, and even convinced him for a time that she was doing "fantastic things for children everywhere."

When questions involving the foundation's finances were left unanswered, Mr. Katz began to talk with people who had been involved in the foundation at various times. "They wanted the truth to be known, but all except one said they were afraid to have their names used. I listened to them and I looked at records and slowly I began to realize what Children To Children is really all about. . . . Not much is about children."

According to Mr. Katz, many employees on the foundation's payroll were unclear about whom they

worked for—Children To Children, the James L. Dixon realty company, or Jeane Dixon herself. Putting "order into the chaos" was impossible for one executive director, who resigned when he discovered that "there was no way it could have been done." A former assistant to Mrs. Dixon, Thomas Kay, told Mr. Katz: "I told her six months ago that if she didn't get professional help there would be trouble. I brought her some of the outstanding foundation professionals in the area. . . . She wouldn't accept them."

Mrs. Dixon, when asked if she has received any expert guidance in planning her medical center, will reply only that "a doctor in Switzerland" is assisting her. When John Keesing, a lawyer who helped to establish the foundation, accused Mrs. Dixon of ignoring the primary goals of Children To Children in favor of the Jeane Dixon Medical Center, she agreed that the center would have to come second. John Keesing is now dead and the medical center is again the chief concern of Children To Children.

Says Mr. Katz: "Health Professionals who have discussed the medical center with Mrs. Dixon have expressed some concern. Studies show that the Washington area already has enough hospital beds for children, and there is a strong feeling that expansion to meet further needs should be accomplished by working through existing facilities such as Children's Hospital."

All of this might simply be the chaotic underside of any legitimate foundation having troubles getting under way, but what of the financial setup? During the fiscal year 1968-69, the foundation filed

a statement of finances with the District of Columbia which showed that out of more than $120,000 collected during that fiscal year, only $14,000 had found its way to any children. One of the "children" was a thirty-four year old opera singer, William DuPre. The headings "Miscellaneous Child Care" and "Miscellaneous Child Education" cover the $14,000 allocated to children.

Aid to Indian and African children, one of the goals of the organization when it was first founded, seems to have faded completely from the picture, but "Money *has* gone," says Mr. Katz, "to help support five children in the Washington area, to pay the college tuition of three Washington youths, and to provide William DuPre with singing lessons costing from $100 to $450 a month." When Mrs. Dixon was asked how she selected children to be the recipients of financial aid, she countered with a typical answer, hinting at intrigue and "powerful friends:" "A friend of mine, a very important person, told me about this family. . . . A girl working for a lawyer in town—I can't tell you his name because you'd know it—had two illegitimate children. . . ."

"Jeane Dixon doesn't need a foundation to support a few children referred to her by important people," says Mr. Katz, who explains that since the foundation received $70,000 from Mrs. Dixon's speaking engagements, "she could have spent a lot more than $14,000 of her lecture fees on children *if the foundation didn't exist.*" [italics mine]

The foundation *does* exist, though, and it would seem to function primarily as a means of touting Jeane Dixon's book, and building and promoting

her public image. A former employee told Mr. Katz: "She believes that a person with her image needs a foundation just to sustain that image." A great deal of Children To Children money which could have been put to charitable purposes, went for salaries which were paid out to "a succession of $20,000-a-year executive directors" and "people who arrange Jeane Dixon's speaking engagements, answer her mail, and help write her books, newsletters, and newspaper columns." During the year 1968–69 Martha Rountree was paid over $17,000 in fees for "writing three newsletters and setting up a mail solicitation system." One hopes the solicitation system is better than the newsletters, which are pieces of embarrassing simpleness. Some read like the following: "Miss Greene is our teacher. She is nice. Here is her picture which we took with a camera."

The latest issue of the Children To Children newsletter features predictions by Jeane Dixon, pictures of her on almost every page, articles attesting to the success of *My Life and Prophecies*, and coupons through which readers may order the book. The second issue, appearing for January and February of 1969, might well have been compiled by a child. A poem from a lady in South Dakota culminated in these lines, "I woke up early this morning/And paused before entering the day./I had so much to accomplish/That I had to take time to pray." There is a picture of James Dixon with these accompanying comments: "Yes, Jeane Dixon has a husband and he is wonderful, wonderful to know and wonderful to Jeane. His name is James and as you would guess—he is called Jimmy

by Jeane and his friends . . . He is very successful and is very Civic Minded . . . In spite of all Jeane's great fame—when she goes home Jimmy is the Boss. Jeane likes it that way too. They are a very happy couple."

Since no editorial staff is listed in this issue it is impossible to guess whether this might be one of the three newsletters for which Martha Rountree was paid so much money, but the prospect of *any* adult being paid thousands of dollars to compile material of this sort is mind-bending.

The money from Mrs. Dixon's books, "estimated at up to $100,000 a year by a publishing executive," is—despite Mrs. Dixon's since-amended claim that all of her income outside of the real estate business goes to the foundation—"paid into the James L. Dixon Distribution Corporation, a locally incorporated firm owned by Mr. and Mrs. Dixon." When approached by Mr. Katz, the foundation's present executive director, Nachon Keljik, said: "The book income is nobody's business."

The directors of Children To Children change so often it is difficult to make an accurate listing. Two of the original directors, Mother M. Leo Vincent, O.P., of Mount Saint Mary College and Dr. Jacob S. List, resigned within six months and were replaced by Congressman William Ayres and Mrs. Dixon's old friend, Coya Knutson. The present Chairman of the Board is Colonel Harlan Sanders, "of Kentucky Fried Chicken fame." A former employee told Mr. Katz that Mrs. Dixon had been obliged to appoint new members of the board very quickly when it became obvious that none of the existing members was planning to attend the Sep-

tember board meeting. "One former director says there has been such a heavy turnover of directors because of the disorganization of the foundation and its failure to accomplish anything meaningful."

And how does Mrs. Dixon react to all this unfavorable publicity about her foundation, aside from threatening a lawsuit and commenting that the article is a "smear job?" She begins to sound petulant. "I have people who use me and use me and use me and never keep their promises," she complained to Mr. Katz, adding that the highly paid Martha Rountree (mother of one of Mrs. Dixon's godchildren) "didn't bring in one dollar, not one name, so help me God." The Palm Beach *Post-Times* (March 15, 1970) reports that James Dixon "is of the opinion that Sen. Edward Kennedy survived his 'tribulation' and so will Jeane." The *Post-Times* also notes that "the Dixons are laughing because the current spice may be just the thing to spark up the upcoming movie—especially if the real-life story has a happy ending." (One doubts that this was the sort of "scandal" the Italian movie company, which is supposed to make the film, was yearning for in its appraisal of Mrs. Dixon's pristine life.)

She has not commented about the donations which have gone unrecorded for months, according to former employees, nor about the formerly cluttered basement of the Dixon real estate office, which had been "piled high with boxes full of unanswered mail, many with donations for Children To Children." This is too bad, since Mr. Katz makes an excellent point about the many "unwealthy people" whose small contributions ("page

after page of one dollar and five dollar donors") are sent in good faith to Children To Children. "None of these people know where their money is really going. Perhaps more important, any money that is being given to Children To Children is money that might have gone to institutions such as Children's Hospital."

Mrs. Dixon has stated many times, in many different ways, that her motives are entirely selfless. It would be better if she would only refrain from telling people, as she did Mr. Katz, that she and her husband had taken a "vow of poverty;" it would be better if divine guidance had decreed that she name her medical center the "Acme Medical Center" rather than the "Jeane Dixon Medical Center" with its symbolic eternal flame. The lady's motives might seem more believable and her inefficiency more forgivable.

Noting that many charities in the Washington area would have welcomed Mrs. Dixon's help, Mr. Katz adds: "But they won't erect monuments to her or promote her books and newspaper column." As things stand, there is probably nothing wrong or fraudulent in Mrs. Dixon's foundation, but there doesn't seem to be much right about it, either.

XI

ASTONISHING NEW PREDICTIONS?

What kinds of people are Jeane Dixon's most recent predictions aimed at? "Today's youth will reap a bitter harvest" she warns in *My Life and Prophecies*, going on to explain that "It has been revealed to me that the new generation—those up to thirty years of age today—who neglect spiritual values will suffer untold misery . . . Only a turn to God and His Purpose can save them . . ."

In her predictions for 1970 she lays it on the line even more directly for the under-thirty generation: "I see a rude awakening in the mid-Eighties for the dissenters. They will find to their sorrow that the same world they nearly wrecked is still here. They will react and be much more strict with their children than their parents ever dared . . . The 'dropout fever' will have run its course—and will leave

its victims weak, exhausted and unprepared." (*New York Column*, January 16, 1970)

Mrs. Dixon's grasp on the problems of "youth" has never been very firm, despite her many kindnesses to teenaged girls in trouble of one sort or another. In Issue No. 2 of *Open Line*, the publication put out by Mrs. Dixon in aid of her foundation, Children To Children, there appears a little poem entitled "Who's Delinquent?" by Phillip W. Kelleher. "It really seems to apply to the times and for your scrap book, we pass it along," says the introduction. The poem, which is reminiscent of anti-Elvis Presley literature of the mid-Fifties, begins:

> Her hair is too blond
> Her lipstick's too red
> But she's part of America's future
> It's said.
>
> And what of the boy
> Who walks by her side,
> Tight jeans, leather jacket
> And an arrogant stride?

(*Open Line*, Issue No. 2
Jan.–Feb., 1969)

Although the above poem eventually makes clear in its penultimate stanza that the hostile young people were failed somewhere along the way, Mrs. Dixon herself rarely lays the blame for the "dissenters" on anyone but the dissenters themselves (except for references to the part J.F.K. played in creating a "new frontier" for young people who were not ready to accept this "awesome responsi-

bility"). She seems, without ever actually saying so, to regard them as "bad apples" who will spend most of their adult years crying over their failure to listen to good advice. This same callousness is also seen in her appraisal of all Communists and some Negroes, although with the latter she is a bit more benevolent.

In her 1970 predictions, one finds, under the subtitle "Scandals," "A Black Panther leader will be exposed and shown to be in the pay of Moscow; this fact will greatly influence public opinion and will tend to diminish the number of shootings between the police and the Black Panthers." In *My Life and Prophecies* she sees that the "militants" and "those Negroes abetted by the murder of Martin Luther King, Jr., will create more strife and more turmoil. I do not yet see them replaced by leaders loyal to *our* country . . . I see little hope for [alleviation of racial tension] as long as many militants take direct orders from the U.S.S.R."

The population explosion does not seem to worry her particularly. She blithely states that "True, we have a population problem, but this is nothing new. Every society and generation has had its problems, *but there will be no catastrophic consequences.* We will not have to rely on 'the pill' or other contraceptive methods." Mrs. Dixon's non-Malthusian solution? Improved education and family guidance.

In the same set of predictions, however, is a prophecy having to do with a comet which will strike the earth in the mid-Eighties. Although the "approximate location of the point of impact" has been revealed to her, she deems it wise to keep this

information to herself until a "future date." She does say the comet "may well become known as one of the worst disasters of the twentieth century." Perhaps this is Jeane Dixon's real solution to the population explosion. So much more efficient than having to rely on "the pill" and other "contraceptive methods."

Her other prophecies for the future deal with her much-vaunted outline of the Communist plot for the eventual takeover of the world, but it is all aimed, obviously, at those who find themselves immersed in fear and anxiety over the current political situation; those who yearn for the "good ole days" before bands of uppity Negroes marched on Washington and students concerned themselves with more than the outcome of the next football game. There is a sort of nostalgia, I suppose, if one is old enough and rich enough to have skimmed the cream from the top of a now-vanished society, but nostalgia alone is certainly not enough to make Mrs. Dixon's anachronistic warnings for the future truly valuable.

When Mrs. Dixon becomes apocalyptic, (a frame of mind which allies her with cataclysmic revolutionary principle), with her predictions of an all but doomed Church and a world torn by strife beyond imagination, she is at her most unbelievable.

Her qualifying reassurances that all of these "tormenting events" need not occur if only men will turn to God give the impression of a stern but motherly Mrs. Dixon who is trying to teach her readers a "good lesson" for their own enlightenment. The already enlightened, in other words, can

skip that particular lesson and get on with the Lord's business. Could a woman who has seen so much impending horror in her crystal ball *really* continue to send out picture postcards of Mike the MagiCat in his cunning cape and hat?

One prediction strikes an ominous note, and that is Mrs. Dixon's conviction that "one woman in particular will push long and hard—and with such assurance and conviction that *she will become our first woman President in the United States* . . . I feel it will surely be in the 1980's." Consider this: A one-time employee of Mrs. Dixon told Harvey Katz, a former Justice Department attorney, that speaking before groups was Jeane Dixon's "kick" and added, "Can you think of any woman other than Jeane Dixon who could run for President in 1980? She's starting her campaign now. . . ." (The *Washingtonian*, March, 1970).

What, finally, can be said about the "phenomenal" Jeane Dixon, except that she pleases some people and offends others? Her degree of psychic ability often seems amazingly high; at other times questionable. Since she has never been tested by any reputable group of psychical researchers, the whole question of her "gift" is really of secondary importance. As for those who follow her advice and hang upon her words, I am not so sure that she has any particular responsibility toward them. She does, after all the melodrama has been pared away, pass along harmless enough little bromides about "finding one's talent" and trusting in God.

It would be nice if she could be persuaded to curtail her public prophecies of murder and disas-

ter, since we are not yet fully aware of how much damage such suggestive predictions may do in terms of creating a climate of violence, but her most recent forecasts are still full of threats—assassination of a member of the President's group of advisors; one Pope slated for bodily harm and another for assassination. There is little hope of prevailing upon a woman so intent upon achieving some sort of immortality to evaluate herself and her utterances at this late date. Nor can it serve any purpose to suggest that this rich and sheltered woman is oversimplifying when she tells those who have every right to be in despair that they must look to the Lord and be grateful to Him. God has been very good indeed to Mrs. Dixon. She cannot really be held responsible for her lapses in taste nor her intellectual pretensions—she has never claimed to be especially intelligent or learned, only infallible.

Short of ignoring Mrs. Dixon, a most satisfying way to reckon with her has been supplied by Shakespeare in *King Henry the Fourth: Part One.* When the braggart Owen Glendower bellows

> *I can call spirits from the vasty deep,*

his cousin Hotspur answers

> *Why so can I, or so can any man,*
> *But will they come when you do call for them?*

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WHO IS THE REAL JEANE DIXON?

Jeane Dixon's reputation is phenomenal! It is claimed that she predicted

—The assassinations of John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy–Marilyn Monroe's suicide and *many* other events.

It is claimed that she has great healing powers, is an instrument of God, and can "see" into the depths of people's minds.

Since JFK's assassination, Jeane Dixon's fame has skyrocketed. Once a Washington, D.C., hostess and businesswoman, Jeane rose to become *America's #1 prophet*. Books by and about her have sold millions of copies, she receives more than 2,000 letters every day from fans, she appeared 11th on Gallup's "most admired women in America" list last year—some even say that Jeane Dixon is slated to become the first woman president of the United States!

Who is this remarkable woman? Is she everything her admirers claim? Or is she dangerous and irresponsible?

Read this searching examination of the incredible Jeane Dixon. Learn about her personality, her prophecies, and her political opinions; her methods of clairvoyance; her reputation; how she runs her foundation, Children To Children; and her predictions for the Seventies.